THE REHABILITATION OF EVE

The Rehabilitation of Eve

by

SALLIE HOVEY

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life that
age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death."
SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure—Act III*

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AFFECTIONATELY dedicated to my nieces Lispenard Seabury Crocker and Etheldreda Seabury.

This book is written with a happy recognition of their luscious zest for life, and with the desire that "this sensible warm motion" in them, and in others like them, may be perpetuated.

SALLIE HOVEY

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THE REHABILITATION OF EVE

A Book on Rejuvenation
And the Perpetual Life.

THE fact that the tale of the Garden of Eden has survived and held the imagination of men spellbound for centuries, whilst hundreds of much more plausible and amusing stories have gone out of fashion and perished like last year's popular song, is a scientific fact and science is bound to explain it. You can tell me science knows nothing of it. Then science is more ignorant than the children of any village school. The term of human life shall be extended to 300 years. Spread that knowledge, that conviction, and as surely as the sun will rise tomorrow, the thing will happen. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Chapter I

THE rehabilitation of Eve demands an adventurous spirit. Such a spirit will neither deny the value of material aids nor regard them of paramount importance. The body is, to be sure, a valuable instrument of advance. It has been the stone which the builders refused, now become the head stone in the corner. The corner stone is far away from the pinnacle. It stands below the place of worship. It may be wisely forgotten in times of exaltation and freedom, yet it is essential to the superstructure and as such it deserves a modicum of care and attention.

The discoveries of Voronoff, Steinach and Kammerer are significant and widely acclaimed. Steinach's message has been called "the most cheerful that science has sounded in centuries."

The effect of Steinach's discovery on insurance for life, disability and old age, already has

been discussed with animation at a meeting of underwriters in New York.

Before long, we may hear that insurance has been refused to un-Steinached men and women. Yet the advances of materialism are little more than symptoms of a new trend in the realm of the mind.

There are indications of change on all sides. Some of us are even now aware of the significance of the new order. The wiser the few in one decade, the wiser will be the multitude in the next.

It is safe to say that the drama of the Garden of Eden would be more plausible to Shaw and his contemporaries if the leading rôle had been given to Adam. Woman has long played a subordinate part in the world's history. She has been hampered not only physically but temperamentally. In the fields of mechanics and invention, arts and crafts, commerce and industry, literature and statescraft, men indubitably have led the way. Even in such work as cooking, dressmaking and millinery, men are admittedly more expert.

Yet in a very early era women took an impor-

tant part in religious and political life. In Greece the Delphic Oracle was delivered by a priestess. The Vestal Virgins in Rome were a political institution. In Asia Minor, high priestesses controlled great cults with elaborate ritual and substantial emoluments. They held positions calling for extraordinary acumen and executive ability.

In the great empires of antiquity the status of woman was comparatively favorable. In a stage of advanced civilization she again tends to hold a high place, while in the middle stage, usually the stage of predominating military organization on a patriarchal basis, woman occupies a less favorable position.

Henry Mencken asserts that women are the "supreme realists of the race. Women decide the larger questions of life correctly and quickly. They see at a glance what most men could not see with searchlights and telescopes; they are at grips with the essentials of a problem before men have finished debating its mere externals. Apparently illogical, they are the possessors of a rare and subtle super logic. Apparently whimsical, they hang to the truth with a tenacity

which carries them through every phase of its incessant jellylike shifting of form. Apparently unobservant and easily deceived, they see with bright and horrible eyes."

Thus Eve in the Garden of Eden conversed with the serpent because she found him "more subtle than any beast of the field." She reasoned with him on the subject nearest her heart, the mystery about the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. She pensively parried with the information which he produced, but she knew the serpent spoke the truth. She desired the knowledge of good and evil and eventually she obtained it to the extent of her somewhat limited capacity. Her wisdom on that occasion has been reasonably questioned. It has also been upheld by certain philosophers and divines in all ages. Tomes have been written on both sides of the argument. Had there been no Fall, there could have been no Atonement, no philosophy of Regeneration.

Returning to the Genetic drama, we are led to believe that Adam, if consulted, would have endeavored to restrain the temerity of his wife. It would appear that he was not upon the scene

at all while Eve held converse with her lowly companion, and when she made her fatal decision.

When she took the fruit and did eat thereof, Adam again is introduced; it was then useless to protest. Eve having eaten, Adam with characteristic loyalty took the fruit from her hands and ate also. Later, in bold refrain he chanted the exploits of his chief, like the Greek chorus of a later period, ascribing all the initiative to her, giving her indeed the center of the stage, as was her due, yet sharing with her the punishment of exile from the garden.

The scene ends: "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever.

"Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

"So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden, cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life." (Genesis III.)

Eve's coup appears to have been premature. Like so much effective drama, the tragic element is predominant. The details of the scheme of salvation that followed may be left largely to the theologians; yet it is permissible to say that the scriptures, of practically all religions, deal with a fall from grace together with a theory of salvation from the specters of death and destruction, which rule outside the Garden. Even aside from tradition, there is much to indicate that man as a race has seen better days. Still there has been from the beginning a promise of restoration, and this promise also has survived and held the imagination of man spellbound. What may be called a frenzy of belief in the promise of salvation from death, has been widespread in all ages and is rampant today. This, in the Shavian phrase, is a scientific fact.

Against the story of the Fall, of the promised restoration, and of the stupendous dramatic interest which these present today, the question of the historic veracity of any of the events portrayed, pales into palpable insignificance.

That restoration is not yet, is mournfully obvious. That woman might first find the way to

restoration, plausibly might be surmised. Her interest in questions relating to life and death, is of necessity greater than man's; it was to her that the serpent appealed. It is woman today who bears the chief burden of reproduction; and reproduction is the only method of race survival which we know to be extant. The problem of race suicide was widely discussed before the war. At that time it evoked an academic interest. One speculated with some curiosity upon what might happen, sometime in the future, if the slowly falling birth rate among the higher classes should continue to decline, even progressively. Since the war, the problem presents a more than academic interest; changed economic conditions have very rapidly increased its worst features. Not only are superior individuals "sterilized by success," an incident noted throughout all periods of time, but increasingly among the highest and the upper middle classes, they fail to reproduce, while the other elements are multiplying at rates proportionate to their increasing intelligence.

Failing a radical change, a change of cataclysmic proportions, civilization cannot but fall

and that speedily. The thing is simple almost to the point of puerility. We hear it every day. It would be difficult to find a review or journal, even a country newspaper, which has not dealt with it. If it were possible to deny it, the matter would present a more universal interest. As it is, the subject usually is received with something like apathy. If it be inevitable, why wring the hands like the Red Queen in "Through the Looking Glass," who wept and otherwise indicated her distress before the incident of running a pin into her finger had taken place?

Lothrop Stoddard, in his widely discussed volumes, "The Revolt Against Civilization" and the "Rising Tide of Color," presents the facts and figures in undisputed array and with seemingly inevitable comments and conclusions. Madison Grant, in "The Passing of the Great Race," has more to say on the rapidly advancing disaster. The point I wish to make here is, that for every man of superior discernment and enlightened intelligence, who wrestles with some of the more ghastly aspects of the dilemma, there are a hundred women, supreme realists of the race, who, although generally of feebler intellect,

are viewing the problem with more intimate concern.

Already, women are longer lived than men, a fact that is recognized by life insurance companies. Of one thousand female children born, thirteen live to ninety years, while only seven in one thousand male children attain that age.

But what is ninety years compared with the Shavian three hundred? Should woman lead the way to a condition of perennial youth, man by his greater adaptability would equal or surpass her. Though a good proportion of nonagenarians are women, men predominate among those whose lives, as recorded, extend well over the century.

Shaw in his most oracular vein declares: "I can testify that among the women brought up amid the feminist movement of the second half of the nineteenth century there was a revolt against maternity which went deeper than that revolt against excessive maternity, which has led to birth control. These more thorough going rebels objected to the whole process, from the occasional event itself to the more permanent conditions it imposes. It is easy to dismiss this

as monstrous and silly, but the modern conception of creative evolution forbids us to dismiss any development as impossible, if it becomes the subject of an aspiration. There is no limit to the truth of the old saying, 'where there is a will, there is a way,' and though for the moment a refusal to accept the existing conditions of reproduction would mean race suicide, the rebels against nature may be the pioneers of evolutionary changes."

There has been an extremely significant change in women's fashions in the last generation. The psychology of dress has an importance which deserves more attention.

There is a growing and accelerating tendency to do away with the accentuation of the difference in sex. Formerly, this accentuation was the primary concern of habit and fashion. The hour glass figure so long in vogue gave undue prominence to the breast and hips. The waist was compressed and the other portions induced to bulge. Failing a natural embonpoint the breast was caged with whalebone while the lower parts were padded heavily. Long voluminous skirts so hampered the movements that it was fre-

quently necessary to lift them. Mothers carrying babies upstairs were dangerously handicapped. Athletics were taboo. Mincing manners and airs of languor were designed to be provocative. The so-called voluptuous beauty was highly esteemed. It is impossible to believe that women will ever return to customs which have become abhorrent to her. The advertising columns of Parisian fashion magazines which a generation ago were offering nostrums for increasing the weight under the caption "*Volupté*" now offer remedies for this condition labeled "*Maigrir.*"

The fashionable silhouette today approximates the outlines of the figure of a slender boy. Clothing is highly suspended from the shoulders, giving little or no indication of a waistline. Probably woman's dress never before so closely resembled the sort of clothing a little child would make for her doll. Even so, beauty is not sacrificed to simplicity or convenience. Evening dress is suitable for dancing; free movement is favored. The useful, daytime, separate skirt is short and scant; the mannish blouse is cut in simple lines.

For athletic games and sports, knickerbockers

have been adopted by the younger members of a generally conservative element. Sponsored by women of distinction, this fashion has been gaining popular approval. If the general trend continues and skirts are given up altogether except for evening wear and formal occasions, it will be the woman of light morals or abandoned regime who will cling longest to the drapery, which has ever been her obvious weapon of offense.

A well-known artist who recently returned from Paris declared that she was the only long-haired woman she met. The *coiffeur de garçon* is the prevailing fashion. Women who still prefer long hair for themselves are admonished by fashion magazines, to arrange it in a style of simple severity, close to the head, so the appearance of short hair is produced. The desired effect is not the palpably masculine, but the subtly and temperamentally androgynous.

The change in men's fashions is in the direction of greater variety of color and fabric. Men no longer habitually appear in funereal black. The young and charming Prince of Wales is notably fond of daring lines and varied colors.

At a recent sporting event, he appeared wearing a bright-hued sweater. Since then, looms in countless factories have worked busily to supply the unending demand for them. Perhaps the most significant change in men's fashion is the abolishment of the beard. The hirsute adornment held in such high esteem by our fathers and grandfathers is now almost universally disdained. Men spare time from busy lives to rid themselves daily of the infinitesimal growth which nature has imposed since yesterday.

Blatant masculinity is shunned by both sexes. Soft effeminancy is also abhorred.

It is dimly perceived that certain aspects of the old ways of love between the sexes are intimately related to destruction. After centuries of misdirected aim, the race is now rapidly turning its attention to new ways of loving. Love is the great vivifier, the inspirer of new life, new freedom, youth unending.

In life, man learns a few lessons which could be exceedingly useful to him if he had more time to profit by them. He acquires a few facts, a bit of philosophy, a dash of art. He catches furtive visions of splendid possibilities, glimpses

of potential achievement, and then, at a time when under favorable conditions he could render most effective service to the world and acquire the greatest happiness for himself, he falls back; he is drawn to destruction by the power which brought him forth. A primarily beneficent force has become his enemy, seeking to devour him.

Man still shudders on the crumbling edge of that gloomy chasm called Death. Ever striving to withdraw, to establish a foothold on firmer soil, he has maintained himself, perhaps, a few score years, only to succumb at last, to disappear into the yawning blackness which all abhor. Yet we are not without hope. Lothrop Stoddard says: "Stressful transition is the keynote of our times. . . . We stand at one of those momentous crises of history when mankind moves from one well marked epoch to another of widely different character."

When a few have grasped the essentials of new life, the multitude will press forward to follow after.

I HAVE opened one door to the palace of truth; no doubt there are hundreds of gates I have overlooked, a hundred corridors that others luckier than I will discover.

EUGEN STEINACH

Chapter II

AN ESSENTIAL element of successful controversy is an unequivocal statement from the antagonist. It is the insidious and skulking enemy who is most difficult to combat. "My desire is that mine adversary had written a book," declared Job. One may have cause to rejoice, not only at the bulk of the opposing force, but at certain clear and definite outlines of its presentation. In a book published in London and New York, in 1919, there is a careful and precise statement of an almost universal folly. With neat salience it epitomizes the perversity of a wrong idea, which, long since having become a conviction, has had unfortunate and inevitably fatal results.

"WHY DO WE DIE?" by Edward Mercer, gives us an intelligent and scholarly summary of what has been generally believed about Old Age and Death since prehistoric times. Dr. Mercer says that old age is a period of "decline—a phase

in which the vital powers begin to fail, sink lower and lower until they flicker and finally fail."

It will be indicated here that this theory of "decline" is diametrically opposed to the discoveries and principles of modern science. It will be seen that old age is a period when the natural forces increase instead of diminishing. It will be seen that the cause of man's pseudo decline and actual defeat is excess of force, force wrongly applied, force ignorantly, perversely, abusively exercised in defiance of man's deepest instinct, his most exalted desire—the will to live. To say an old man dies because his forces have declined is like saying that one died of thirst who was, in fact, drowned in a pool of drinking water. Death from superabundance of the life force is sufficiently evident when death results from acute disease. Nearly all of such ailments are marked by high temperature and pulse and other indications of excess—the higher the temperature the more marked the danger. Since many of the symptoms of fever are merely exaggerated symptoms of extraordinarily good health, it is sometimes difficult for an untrained observer to recognize disease.

During the influenza epidemic in 1918, the number of doctors and trained nurses in some localities was so inadequate to cope with the emergency that it was necessary to call for volunteer helpers among the untrained. One such inexperienced aid, acting under trained supervision in a hospital, found that many of her preconceived ideas of ill health were at variance with the facts. Among the many young shipworkers who were being cared for, she readily picked out as the most seriously affected, a pale and peevish boy who talked feebly but volubly of his discomfort. He proved to be a convalescent, and was soon discharged. To her unsophistication another patient bore an aspect of extraordinary well being. There were not only sparkling eyes and a high color, but a mien of virile and even cheerful intensity, somewhat abstracted, yet very much alive. Two days later he died in his nurse's arms as she lifted his head to give him water.

The exuberance of nature is well known, and when we have learned to use and control this exuberance we shall hear no more of the decline of forces in youth or age. An earlier generation

bled the patient to control the excess. Ice baths were a later expedient. A great variety of medicines designed to diminish the forces have been and still are used to some extent; but each and every material effort proves fallible and is in turn rejected for another method equally at fault.

Modern science, always aiming to hold itself within the bonds of verifiable happenings, with a certain naïveté makes many admissions that will be seen to contradict the theory of the decline of the life forces in old age. Charles S. Minot, late Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School, in his book on the problem of "Age, Growth and Death" says, "The period of old age so far from being the chief period of decline, is in reality the period in which the decline going on in each of us will be the least. Old age is the period of slowest decline."

Again, "There is another class of phenomena characteristic of the very old, which will perhaps seem a little surprising. I refer to the power of repair. Modern surgery especially has enabled us to recognize this as being far greater in the old than we were wont to assume; and we know

that there is a certain luxury, a certain excess reserve in the power of repair." Careful and loyal scientist as he is, Prof. Minot makes no rash assertions or equivocal deductions. He does, however, make use of certain very pregnant adjectives after some of his enunciations of scientific fact—"paradoxical," "strange," "surprising," "startling," "mysterious"—and in the last chapter he permits himself this: "I can venture to suggest to you that in the future deeper insight into these mysteries probably awaits us." He warns the reader not to look upon this as a prophecy, but adds, "Stranger things and more unexpected have happened."

A tentative, expectant attitude may be said to characterize modern science. Occupying itself with minutiæ and generally neglecting great problems, science yet makes telling admissions, as it were inadvertently contributing to the modern movement. Sir Oliver Lodge says: "It turns out upon inquiry that old age and death are not essential to living organisms." This dictum, strange to many laymen, is now generally admitted by scientists who have considered it. August Weismann, distinguished for his original

research and for his theories of germ plasm, was one of the earliest modern scientists to declare death non-essential. He tells us that death is not a primary necessity, but that it has been secondarily acquired by adaptation. He says, "Natural death was not introduced from absolute intrinsic necessity inherent in the nature of living matter." In other words, death would appear to have been an after-thought on the part of the Creator. Thus science has been brought to harmonize with the early Mosaic teaching. Adam and Eve were created for immortality. They sinned, and death was introduced as a punishment. Since Adam's fall, life has been continually failing and making a fresh start. Weismann said death was introduced on the grounds of utility from necessities which sprang up. In simple terms, life found our forefathers inadequate, disappointing; a fresh start might, but did not rectify the blunder—a new experiment, continued failure. Some thousands of years—a moment in eternity—and man is still giving way to the ancient curse, turning his face to the wall, away from all he most values.

Let us look into the nature of the Mosaic pun-

ishment. It is not merely arbitrary, like a fine imposed for a venial offense; it is a punishment made to fit the crime. A man dies because he is not fit to live. He may have many virtues, but he lacks the particular and special requirements of the great archmistress—Life. If one loves a queen, one seeks to win her, not by a mere haphazard display of charms or accomplishments. Instead, if one is wise one studies her tastes, her subtleties, her predilections. She is exacting; she is coy; she has her own secret byways and caprices. She hates clumsiness and rude contortions. She knows her value, and she resents any suggestion that she does not hold supreme place in one's affections. So with Life. She loves us; she turns her bright, beautiful face hopefully, eagerly, to each one. In wonder we adore; few fail to render homage, yet, not understanding her requirements, we fail to please, and Life, repelled, turns her face against us and at length leaves us for newer, fresher, younger lovers. Ask a thousand individuals—What is the *summum bonum?* And note the replies: Culture, love, service, wealth, fame. Life itself is too close to the eyes; it is passed over for its accessories, its gifts.

Minto explains that, physiologically speaking, the chief cause of the infirmities of old age is the increase of the protoplasm. Now protoplasm is the physical basis of life. He says, "We should hardly anticipate that its increase would have a deleterious effect; but such is, it seems to me, clearly the case."

We know it is nature's way to produce an oversupply. A fish may produce a million eggs in order to insure the production of half a dozen lusty offspring to frisk in the condensed and unctuous atmosphere of the native environment. Thus each of us with increasing years is confronted with an increasing degree of life force. With a certain greediness we grasp more than we can use and it is this superfluity which has such a pernicious effect. Before leaving us, life overwhelms us in her embraces, then smites and crushes us in scorn at the lack of finesse in our puny efforts to respond.

The gaping jaws of a cat represent the worst of all conceivable ills to a bird. We know it is well equipped to protect itself against what appears to be a menacing fate, yet the bird is capable of allowing itself to be lured to a dread-

ful doom. The wings given it to fly away are used to forward its own destruction.

The bird thinks it must approach the cat; the Nemesis of birds has issued a decree depriving it of all power of choice, perhaps it may fancy dimly a sort of bird paradise beyond those dripping jowls and gleaming teeth. Thus with gaze transfixed upon the blazing eyes and curling lips in advance of that black gulf of horror and dismay, the bird slowly advances to what is for it the epitome of all evil. If its emotional nature could be for one moment somewhat detached, it would quite simply observe the proximity of danger and would hastily betake itself to safer altitudes. It is the very intensity of its love of life and fear of death which paralyzes the will of the bird and of man. With every essential to continual life easily and abundantly at hand, man succumbs to a fictitious alarm and falls into despair. Irrefutable scientific evidence is thrust aside and the forecasting of the prophets is forgotten or despised.

It is time in the face of the great adversary to cease to be thus inert, puerile and supine.

It may be that the million cells of sense,
Loosed from their seventy years adhesion, pass
Each to some joy of changed experience.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Chapter III

IF A man dies of old age his unfitness to live is peculiarly evident, because death from old age is death that encroaches very slowly. Death takes at last what too long has been obviously its own. The individual, no longer master, long since has laid down his arms. Hence the life force has been diverted; it is not dead, for the life force is eternal. The multitude of little lives within the body are now more than ordinarily active. They are hard at work busily undoing the primal purpose. These cells are now in complete mutiny.

Dr. Serge Voronoff says: "Death shocks man with a sense of the cruelest injustice, for he treasures an intimate memory of his immortality. Every least cell entering into his composition, and which in the early days of the world's creation formed an integral and independent being,

recalls its indeterminate and eternal life and cries out with horror at the prospect of death. . . . . These primitive cells, simple agglomerations of protoplasm, never die, nor do we ever find their corpses."

Minot says: "Every cell is a unit, both anatomically and physiologically. It has a certain individuality of its own. It would appear that this word *cell,* as commonly used by scientists, implies an inmate, one who inhabits this minute dwelling place. Since the inmate of the cell is not microscopically observable we may, if we like, assume it to be a spiritual entity; but we will continue to use the familiar appellation."

While we live in health we have this army of little cells at command. When the will lays down its arms, the cells become scattered, the army flies asunder seeking other leadership. Microscopic organisms transmute the matter into food. We call this putrefaction—a very active form of life. The forces are very much alive, the particles of the body are very much alive. Why then, did the will of man relinquish its hold? If one may confine his arguments to essen-

tials and not lose his way in a mass of precedent, it will be seen that there is no inherent reason why man should thus release living force and living matter which have been exceedingly useful to him for a period of time.

In a description of death from old age given by De Mange, we read: "Arrived at extreme old age, and still preserving the last flickers of an expiring intelligence, the old man feels weakness gaining on him from day to day. His limbs refuse to obey his will; the skin becomes insensitive, dry, and cold; the extremities lose their warmth; the face is thin; the eyes hollow and the sight weak; speech dies out on his lips, which remain open; life quits the old man from the circumference toward the center."

We feel here that life has exercised a wise retreat, yet, to continue the military figure, this retreating army is far from being in a state of decline. It is merely relieving itself of obnoxious and useless incumbrances. It is saving itself for better things. In the center, it would seem, is the way of escape; the retreat is from the circumference to the center. In infancy the assemblage of force fits the surface of the body, push-

ing forward to such an extent that the outlines bulge. In childhood and adolescence the tendency to bulge is less pronounced, though the force still unconsciously pushes, producing agreeable curves in the face and body. In maturity we feel a faint pulling back from the surface. We feel it first around the eyes, later in the throat and other parts. Probably no reader who has given any attention to his bodily forces has failed to feel a delicate pull, perhaps a strong pull, possibly much vigorous pulling. This pull is the chief enemy of man. When man has learned to control his bodily powers he will direct them to those parts which are manifestly in need. Above all, he will reject such part of the vast influx of force which he cannot use to advantage. Having reduced the inflow to a minimum, he will direct the precious elixir, driving it forward. Thus the unconscious push of early life will become the consciously directed push when such direction is required. When man has learned to do this, then will come the promised return to Paradisiacal conditions foretold by all religions. The forces are not only in themselves immortal, but they are with us unceasingly while

we live. Unceasingly they are ready for our directing control. Any intelligent person may change the direction of force at any given moment. To retain control of the force will require patience, humility, diligence, faith—most of all love for the end to be attained. This aspect will be considered more at length in another chapter. It is necessary first of all to recognize the force that is at work within us. We know it for a mighty agent incapable of inaction, created primarily to serve us with an alternative of wreckage and disaster; capable of hollowing the cheeks, pulling the eyes back into the orbits, carving deep wrinkles in the flesh, pulling backward in all portions of the body, producing thereby hardness and toughness of the muscles. This force is a positive force and a very powerful one. Obviously a negation of force, a simple decline of force could not accomplish these positive ends. After death the force ceases to pull back from the surface of the body. After the death of a man in later life, one observes in the face of the deceased fewer signs of old age than would be observed in the same face if the man were alive and merely weary, not critically ill. Especially

if death came suddenly, we may find a surprising return of youthful contour. Where there were signs of care, hurry, unrest, willfulness, possibly peevishness or despair, where we saw a mass of tell-tale wrinkles, we find now, comparatively, calmness and repose. The forces within have changed their manner of attack; the new activity is well understood by the chemist, but it need not interest us in detail.

Our concern now and at every moment is with this surge within us, which is either bearing us onward progressively to better things, or is mastering us, pulling us back, treading us into the mire. By a travesty of abuse, this beneficent force may become a vampire clutching us with venomous talons, tearing our vital organs, pulling us into our graves. If man had been arbitrarily deprived of the weapons of life, if, as is generally understood, the forces are despotically withdrawn, we would merely be called upon to submit, to crouch beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut when we hear it thundering over our heads. If, instead we perceive that what has been called the decline of forces is rather the perversion of forces which now may be reverted

in our favor, we may turn our faces toward a new era. The fall of man is the perversion of the laws of life. Salvation is the return to the right way.

ABOUT the SECRET—quick about
it, friend!
A hair perhaps divides the false and
true,
And upon what, prithee, may life
depend?

OMAR KHAYYAM

Chapter IV

IT IS said that Rodin modelled the human figure as if the surface were pushing out from the inside. This to him was the secret of the art. He said, "By such modelling the masterpieces of sculpture take on the radiant aspect of human flesh."

No part of the body is quite flat and this push from within, this radiant bulge, was noticeably practiced by the Greeks. It is nature's way, and if art is led by nature it may in turn rally nature on. In childhood, as we have seen, the push from within prevails; it is unconscious and practically continuous. In middle life this condition moderates. The life force does not grow less; on the contrary it becomes more active, having at command an increasing supply of protoplasm. If it retreats, it is because it has become too active for man's good. It should be held in equilibrium. Yet in a tired man there is a perceptible retreat;

one may observe a backward or downward inclination of the flesh. This is most noticeable in the face, especially about the eyes. Indentations appear over the area of the operation of the backward pull. We call these indentations wrinkles. They represent the expenditure of an enormous amount of force. One could not make a wrinkle all at once, but by pulling fiercely for several hours every day after a period of years one could produce a wrinkle which would be noticeable, even conspicuous. Nearly everyone before reaching his twenty-fifth year has felt a tendency in the flesh to pull back. The eyes suffer in the course of time. Very slowly the eyeball loses its roundness, becomes flattened; the eyes lose a degree of luster, and their functional power eventually is impaired. When the eyes suffer, the region of the throat is subjected to the backward pull. Hollows slowly appear, or if the flesh is heavy there is a tendency to drop. In each case there has been a retreat of vital force. In the one instance the light layer of flesh is drawn after the receding force; in the other the partially dismantled substance is left to the law of gravitation. In each instance there is a degree of devitaliza-

tion, an easily recognized and preventable displacement of power. To one who gives any attention to his own vital processes, this movement of withdrawal will be felt before there is any outward appearance of change. The hands and arms are early victims, the roundness of youth giving way to a certain flatness; the surface of the legs flattens, producing the lean shanks of Shakespeare's old man. A noticeable withdrawal of power is from the crown of the head—the active vitality of this important layer of flesh is so impaired that the coloring matter for the hair is reduced or altogether fails—sometimes the hair itself disappears. At the same time a certain looseness of the scalp, which is observable in early years, gives way to tightness, so the flesh seems to adhere to the bones of the skull. The breast and muscles of the chest are affected as in the case of the throat, and either shrinkage or sagging takes place. We know the well developed chest and breast are essentials of youthful vigor; they are among the outward and visible signs of that inward and spiritual grace which we name *youth*. It is time for us to realize that the neglect of the outward signs involves, or

rather indicates, a spiritual neglect, a lowering of the moral fibre.

In a recent publication of Dr. Serge Voronoff, of Paris, old age is characterized as a period of "physical and moral degradation." While we easily recognize the degrading character of senility, we are accustomed to evade the issue and look upon it as inevitable. Yet if senility were inevitable, it would not indicate moral degradation, because morality implies free-will. It may be seen that without loss of morale the encroachments of old age could not come upon us.

La Rochefoucault declared that neither the sun nor death can be looked upon steadily. Old age borrows its repugnant aspect from death. It flaunts death's insignia and shares with death the disadvantage indicated by La Rochefoucault.

Dr. Edward Mercer doubts whether we are really capable of undertaking a dispassionate study of death, because the contemplation of death has a powerful disturbing effect upon the emotions; yet the inability to look death steadily in the face need not prevent us from examining the effect of its initial encroachments. By studying the first indications of its blighting touch we

may learn to circumvent these early maneuvers. By pushing back the enemy here and there we may gradually learn to control the situation.

The throat, breast and chest are closely related to the problem of the retention of youth. In the foreground of the throat, astride the windpipe, is the thyroid gland. Dr. Voronoff, who has become famous for his study of the glands, says that all our organs depend upon a liquid which the thyroid gland elaborates and continually pours into the blood, charged to carry it to all our tissues to insure their functioning. "The removal or disability of the thyroid causes a man to lose his psychic faculties and transfers a youthful being into a precociously old man."

The studies of Dr. G. W. Crile have shown that the substances produced by the thyroid gland give the body much of its virility and liveliness. They furnish ferocity to the fighting soldier and youthful charm to the young man of peace. The excessive functioning of this gland, as in Graves' Disease, has a peculiar and dangerous effect, the most obvious symptom being an exaggerated pushing forward of the inner forces, particularly in the eyes and throat. The resulting prominence

of the eyes is one of the chief symptoms of the disease and the swelling of the throat takes the form of goitre. Minor symptoms are indicative of irrational, because ill-regulated, youthfulness; yet so many persons beyond middle age suffer from an insufficiency of thyroid secretion that this condition is probably the usual one.

The study of the glands is recent, and their varied functioning is not yet well understood. Dr. Voronoff, one of the chief exponents of gland grafting makes only modest claims for its possibilities. Such surgical operations have been disappointing in many instances; the results are not enduring. On the other hand a knowledge of the glandular functions may be most useful if intelligently applied. The fact that so many persons in middle life show signs of degenerative decay first of all in the throat and the region of the eyes, makes it evident that our attention should be directed to the preservation of this interesting thyroid gland which is so intimately connected with these parts. Any indication of the withdrawal of the forces from the throat or eyes should be immediately corrected. Our first move is very simple, to change the prevailing

direction, to substitute for a backward pull a forward push. We find the force is amenable. We may, for example, push forward from behind the throat and eyes with such vigor that a slight soreness may be felt subsequently. If one cannot immediately command the forces to this extent, one at least may acquire this command with a little practice. Massage may be helpful, drawing the blood to the surface and invigorating the entire region. It will be easily seen that massage of the throat muscles tends to benefit and increase the functional power of the regional glands, the thyroid and the no less important but more minute parathyroid glands situated on each side of the thyroid. But massage is after all only auxiliary. Our chief method is to direct the attention of the retreating force and thus to divert it. An experiment may illustrate the power of attention. Plunge the hand and forearm into a jar of tepid water. See that the jar has been filled to the brim and then concentrate on the submerged parts. The jar will presently overflow. It will be seen that the little effort of attention has directed the life force to the submerged parts, the most observable effect being a slight increase in bulk. Direct-

ing the attention to the eyes, we soon feel the forces welling into the ball and lids, adding size, luster and functional power. If we wish to see a street sign that seems just beyond the eyes' reach, we have only to concentrate and wait calmly for a few moments, and the lettering is revealed. In whatever region we may feel the pull of age, we should form the daily habit of concentrating attention upon these deficient parts, drenching them thoroughly with the life force at our command. The habit once formed can become permanent, and the common loss of functional power and the appearance of ravage may be overcome, or altogether prevented.

The vivifying force is most simply supplied to the lungs and chest by the use of that "fly wheel of the machine"—the breath. Simple rhythmical breathing bringing into activity every available lung cell without undue strain, will resuscitate not only the important functions of the chest, but intelligently used such exercises are capable of reconstructing the entire body on better lines and with increased functional power.

The body undergoes constant change, whether we will or not. That the change may be for the

better, it remains for us to take command of the forces by the power of attention and direct them consciously and intelligently. It has been observed that nature is both constructive and destructive. We are constantly either consciously or unconsciously employing the constructive forces, or we are the victims of the destructive forces. Our allotment of power should be so well trained that it quickly obeys a word of command. There is never any lack of force. If we suffer, it is because we have failed in intelligent direction.

There is so much power that it is entirely possible to concentrate too much on certain parts of the body. Breathing exercises, for example, may be overdone by the inexperienced, but this is an unusual mischance. A large majority of persons have insufficient nourishment from the breath while the number who habitually practice quiet, deep, rhythmical breathing is small. The practice is most useful in the art of directing the forces. In India breathing exercises are an important part of the training of youth. The Indian theory is logical and practical. Quoting from the Swami Vivekânanda's book, "Raja

Yoga": "Rhythmical breathing tends to bring a rhythmic action in the body and helps us through the respiratory centers to control the other centers. The first effect of rhythmical breathing is that the face changes; from day to day harsh lines disappear . . . . When all the motions of the body have become perfectly rhythmical, the body has, as it were, become a gigantic battery of the will."

The breath is so closely allied to the spirit that the words have nearly the same meaning. Tennyson says: "The spirit does but mean thy breath."

The practice of deep rhythmical breathing with the ability to control the motions of the body cannot be acquired by the peevish, the ill-tempered, the envious, the erratic, the hopeless, the broken-hearted, the impious, the fanatic, the man of evil principle or device. On the other hand, the gay, the cheerful, the well-wisher, the wise, the determined, the hopeful, the aspiring one, the pure, the devout, the Christ-like—these may gain the victory. They may consciously retain or regain youthful vitality and power.

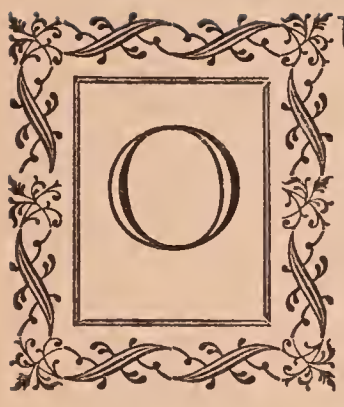
Those of us who have such qualities only in

crude elemental incompleteness, with attention can bring them to fruition. The ability to acquire the attributes of youth is the reward of patience, judgment, tact, love. Faithful, well-directed effort cannot go unrewarded.

Infinite power is so close at hand that if we do not put it to use it will crush us. Contemporary physics has resolved the universe into a manifestation of energy. The very atoms are teeming with power. The atom too small to be discerned with the human eye has within itself a constellation of *electrons, charges of electricity* "which move within the atom as planets within the solar system." Our task is to use what we need and to put aside what is superfluous.

MAN does not yield himself to Death save by the weakness of his mortal will. GLANVILLE

CHAPTER V



UR time normally is divided into periods of activity and periods of rest. This is as it should be; a period of rest is attributed to the Deity after the labors of creation. Nature requires a period of comparative inaction to accumulate energy for renewed activity; yet in experience we find weariness an erratic thing.

Though labor that is undertaken with joy and enthusiasm is followed by an only normal desire to rest, nevertheless we may feel tired at the very beginning of our task, or a sense of weariness may come in the early stages of our undertaking. We are perhaps discouraged and if free to do so we may turn to something else. If, however, instead, we persist, we may have an experience that is colloquially termed "second wind" and go on with the affair with perfect ease. And the phenomenon may occur more than once as we proceed.

We have tapped new and newer layers of energy. There is, we know, an inexhaustible supply.

William James says "Men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions . . . . It is evident that our organism has stored up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon, deeper and deeper strata . . . of combustible material ready for use."

That these reserves of energy were given us primarily for the purpose of preserving life we cannot doubt. They furnish the power of recuperation after illness; they hedge about every crisis of life; they come to us in times of danger when extraordinary powers may be required to preserve our lives or the lives of others. Again, they may surprise us at odd moments. Perhaps we are walking quietly on a spring day. We have been tired and suddenly we are not tired any more. We have, as it were, stumbled on a new layer of energy. We feel that we could scale high mountains, toss boulders into the abyss, or hurl thunderbolts about, but these things are not convenient. We should, instead, catch this force,

examine it, learn to understand it, and then put it to that use for which it was created, that is to preserve and enhance the life within us.

"He hath conquered monsters; he hath solved riddles, but besides he should change his monsters and his riddles; he should alter them into heavenly children." The force may be deliberately thrown into those parts of our being where it is most needed. We have only to stand before a mirror and concentrate upon any visible part of the face or body and restoration, partial or complete, takes place before our eyes. This restorative power must be used persistently; the whole body must be frequently flooded with life force before we can learn to hold it, continuously maintaining poise without effort. Deafness may be cured by massage about the ears. Osteopathists use this reasonable method and have frequently allayed or cured this affliction in more or less advanced stages. The throat muscles under the ear are closely connected with the tympanum, and the nerves and muscles about the nose and mouth are also connected with the ears. Massage and kneading in these localities is beneficial to the hearing and has cured cases of

deafness of such long standing that physicians of the old school would consider them altogether hopeless.

The eyes, like the ears, may be strengthened and defects of vision cured by massage of adjacent parts. In this way the nerves are stimulated, the blood stirred to greater activity and the tissues moved to more vigorous life. In civilized countries a large majority of people suffer from defective vision, and we have seen that the regions of the eyes and throat are most intimately associated with the retention of youth. If we could keep these parts in a normal, healthy condition the youthful well being of the other parts would automatically follow.

Bernarr Macfadden propagates a most useful system of eye exercises, which has already benefited not only thousands of school children with defective vision but probably an even greater number of persons in later life. He recommends rubbing and gently manipulating the parts about the eyes; also a series of eye exercises. These were tested in the public schools in New York. The details are given in the New York Medical Journal, July 29, 1911, and August 30, 1913.

Among three thousand children with defective eyesight the reports showed that more than a third gained perfect vision in both eyes after using the exercises recommended.

The number of school children with defective vision is surprisingly large and the proportion increases steadily in the higher grades. In later life normal vision becomes actually rare.

The most useful exercises in preventing incipient defects is the practice of reading distant small letters or figures for a few minutes every day. The figures on a calendar, or the lettering on the covers of a book, may be used for practice. For greater distances the reading of street signs and advertisements is useful. The Snellen test card is the most convenient for this purpose. Each line of the card is designated by a number indicating the distance in feet at which it should be read by the normal eye. Letters to be read at fifteen feet are a quarter of an inch square. In some instances glasses which have been used for years have been discarded after a period of intelligent and persistent use of the exercises.

All our ailments are due either to an insufficiency of force in certain localities, usually owing

to the fact that it has been crowded out of these parts, or to a local superfluity of force causing inflammation of fever. Pain comes to direct the attention, and hence the forces, to the deficient parts. But pain usually exceeds its *raison d'etre,* and it may cause swelling, morbid growths, or other unwonted disturbances of normal health. If we had sufficient understanding we could anticipate the pain and prevent the indisposition altogether. An incipient sore throat, for example, may be met and overcome; aided it may be by massage. Forms of rheumatism and many other painful disorders are centered about portions that are dull and almost lifeless. Ability to direct the forces would prevent or cure every conceivable disease. In recommending massage and the direction of the life forces, it must be said that good as these expedients are they would be inadequate to the retention of life far beyond its present span. As aids they have great value. When man reaches a higher plane of spiritual attainments they can be forgotten. We all have moments of exaltation when we are restored to primal well-being without effort.

The welling-up of power which takes place at

an emotional crisis, such as fright, anger, grief, or jealousy, comes for the purpose of overcoming the cause of this adverse disturbance. It is puerile to use the force on the emotions themselves, as is commonly done. The first obvious effect of the crisis, like the first symptom of most illnesses, is a rise in temperature; the face flushes, the eyes glisten, there are unmistakable evidences of unusual power, even of well-being. A woman may be more beautiful in anger than in calmness and repose. Yet if the forces are not put to good use the reaction is devastating, exhausting.

Our own habits of years and the habits of the race for countless generations must be overcome. This change of habit cannot be brought to completion in a day, a month, or a year. Yet we know that the force which we have observed in the performance of comparatively trifling operations is a force which is practically unlimited. We know this from the testimony of approved scientists, if we fail to recognize it in our own experience or with our intuitional power. To say that we can temporarily restore natural force and contour by concentrating our attention for a few minutes, but that given time and sufficiency of

supply we cannot restore the whole body to youthful exuberance and retain it in this condition for three hundred years, is like saying of a mathematical problem that 2 + 2 = 4, but that 2000 + 2000 cannot by any possible calculation equal 4000.

A little child by the seashore can divert a tiny rivulet from its direct course to the sea, and retain it for a while in a little pool or force it into a winding channel. Acting on the same principle, a body of men directed by engineering experts, could stop the flood of Niagara and, supposing it were desirable to do so, direct its flow into a multitude of small channels resembling the canals on the planet Mars. The engineers would put to use the same principle that served the child at the seashore. It is forever true that water will seek to find its way to the sea, as it is forever true that the soul seeks to find its way to the Creator. That the way of successive births and deaths is the wholesome and desirable way, the best way, it is difficult to believe.

Death, revolting to all our instincts, is obnoxious first of all because we reasonably fear to lose ourselves in its maze and so fail to attain our goal.

Some years ago I had occasion to read several hundred letters sent to the family of a young man who had died. Not one of these letters touched upon the one item surpassing every other in significance. The overwhelming grief evoked by the disaster was the principal consideration of the kindly letter-writers, many of whom sincerely loved the departed and inevitably had some part in the sorrow of the stricken family. Such an occurrence rarely fails to rouse wide sympathy; the bitterness and woe of those closely associated with the deceased is understood or surmised. The fact that the principal in the drama has met with disaster exceeding in magnitude any yet experienced by a single one of the survivors is a fact rarely touched upon by mourners who are usually stunned by the blow and whose intelligence is diminished or in abeyance and may be even permanently impaired.

In the second volume of the published letters of the late Henry James is a letter of condolence which portrays a broader outlook. In this spontaneous outburst of affection and sympathy for the widow of his friend Julian Sturgis there is acute understanding of the calamitous event

which has fallen upon the bereaved and at the same time a brave endeavor to gauge the purport of the matter to the one most concerned.

"Dearest Mrs. Sturgis:

I ask myself how I can write you and yet how I cannot, for my heart is full of the tenderest and most compassionate thought of you, and I can't but vainly say so. And I feel myself thinking as tenderly of him, and of the laceration of his consciousness of leaving you and his boys, of giving you up and ceasing to be for you what he so devotedly was. And that makes me pity him more than words can say—with the wretchedness of one's not having been able to contribute to help or save him. But there he is in his sacrifice—a beautiful, noble, stainless memory without the shadow upon him or the shadow of a shadow of a single grossness of meanness, of ugliness—the world's dust on the nature of thousands of men. Everything that was high and charming in him comes out as one holds on to him, and when I think of my friendship of so many years with him I see it all as fairness and felicity, and then I think of your admirable years and I find no word for your loss. I only desire to keep near you and remain more than ever yours.

HENRY JAMES."

See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil.

Deut. 30, 15.

For God created man to be immortal and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

The Wisdom of Solomon 2, 23.

And deliver those who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage.

Heb. 2, 15.

CHAPTER VI

FROM early times there has been a tendency in the various branches of the Church to moderate the ancient liturgies in order to shield the people from certain caustic truths associated with death. At the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, held in September, 1922, it was moved further to change the Service for the Burial of the Dead, in order to make it "less unpleasant." A few crude dismaying Bible texts are still in use. These the Convention was asked to abolish. The ministers of many of the sects are free to modify the liturgy as they think fit. These divines rigidly expurgate. They tolerate no phrase which is noxious or offensive. Their function is to lull and soothe. They employ sonorous fragments, soft melodies, modern verses of cloying sentimentality. No fact on earth calls more urgently for the exercise of in-

telligent consideration than does this fact of death, because no fact is of such sinister importance. It should be faced with every faculty alert. The ancient liturgy does not seek to hide the harsh sharp edges of truth; yet the same liturgy has many fairer phrases for other occasions, felicitous language, which though unrelated to present day habit and belief is still in use.

In the Communion Service of all branches of the Anglican Church, the rubric requires the priest to say twice to each individual communicant the phrase "preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life." It is a very happy phrase and probably is used by the clergy more often than any other in the prayer book. It generally passes unrebuked, yet it is not believed. The communicant does not expect his body to be preserved to everlasting life; he expects it to be claimed by the common enemy and turned to dust. Yet the phrase has a pleasant sound and may help him to forget that which he most dreads.

Death is inevitably defeat. Our whole being is so revolted by the thought of it that we deliberately harden ourselves against the idea. For others death may be close at hand; for us the

shuddering horror is too remote to be considered in its actual detail. We try to think of something else, or we veil it under a camouflage of fiction. The signs of its rapid approach come more often than not as a surprise to the one most concerned. Since prehistoric times, religions of different races have spontaneously declared the doctrine of life after death, the instinct of life in the face of death having been of sufficient force to amount to a revelation. The Christian Church has laid great stress on this teaching, and a prayer for protection at the time of death has become the most popular prayer in Christendom. The Rosary, said to have been established in the thirteenth century by St. Dominic, exacts ten *Hail Marys* for one *Our Father.* Little children learn to lisp "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." This phrase is used one hundred and fifty times in the Rosary as defined in the Roman Breviary. A somewhat reduced form is also used. In the Angelus the prayer is used three times.

Nor is the Church of Rome alone in making death the central thought in the prayers of the people. The prayers of the Protestants, though

generally less specific, have this thought prominently in the background. Countless millions of church members seek the ministrations of the priests and pastors, not only to support them through the dread ordeal, but to sustain them through life in what can only be described as a state of hypnosis in regard to the facts of death. Protestants have not only prayers but numerous hymns that are marvels of ingenuity as hypothetical deductions, remote not only from scientific fact but from the actual teaching of the Scriptures, more especially of the Gospels. A few voices have been raised to protest against this gross misunderstanding of nineteen centuries, this wilful misrepresentation of the original sources of religious teaching, but the protest generally has not been heeded. Why? Because the hypnosis is so deep; men refuse to be aroused from this dulling of the senses against the horrid fact of death. They cling so lovingly to their illusions, veiling the truth. And so death becomes a fetich, one of the main assets of church attendance and support.

Some City Churches have the name and address of the parish undertaker printed in gilt let-

ters after the name of the minister on the outside walls of the church edifice.

In 1889, Friedrich Nietzsche, a careful student of the Bible and a direct descendant of a line of clergy, wrote on this subject: "The entire concept of natural death is lacking in the Gospel. Death is no bridge, no transition, the concept is lacking because it belongs to an entirely different world." And again of the Church which he names Anti Christ: "People were unspeakably far from our own affectionate and prudent neutrality, from that discipline of the intellect which alone makes it possible to find out such unfamiliar affairs. With an insolent selfishness they erected the Church out of the antithesis of the Gospel. The history of Christianity is the history of the gradually grosser and grosser misunderstanding of the original symbolism. That mankind should bow the knee before the antithesis of that which was the origin of the meaning and the right of the Gospel, that they should have declared holy precisely those features in the concept of the Church which the Bringer of glad tidings regards as beneath Him and behind Him —one would seek in vain for a grander form of grand historical irony."

This is Nietzsche's summing up of the teaching of Christ.

"What is glad tidings? True life, eternal life has been found—it is not promised, it is there, it is in you."

The value of life—this life—was the supreme teaching of Christ. His attitude toward death was as our own in kind. In degree we may say that our antipathy was in Him infinitely multiplied. Unlike St. Paul, he did not discourse eloquently on corruption. His sensitiveness was such that He preferred to deal with life without antithesis. When He referred to death at all He preferred to speak of it as sleep, as the laying down of life, as the destruction of the temple or otherwise metaphorically. When He is confronted with the dreaded fact itself there is evidence of nervous shock.

His friend Lazarus is dead. He sets forth to call him back from the grave telling His disciples of His intention. Yet when He comes to the place He is so overcome with the horror of the disaster that it is recorded that He wept. His finely attuned nervous system is for the moment distraught. Well knowing the happy outcome

He is yet moved to tears. One hesitates to quote the words of Christ because it is difficult to receive them without prejudice. They are so often misused, misapplied, the original meaning is nearly forgotten. They become worn and trite with much handling and so we fail to do them justice. Also the personalities of some of those most fond of quoting are somewhat antipathetic to many of us. Much, too, is made of another difficulty: the words of this Man, who more than any other changed the world, come to us not as He originally said them, but doubly or trebly translated. In the face of these difficulties, it is yet possible to read the words of Christ as we have them, to consider them as a whole with what we know of His life and work and get what we cannot but believe is the essential thing in His message. He spoke constantly of life—life abundant, life eternal—life in reiteration. He said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." To attain holiness was to enter into life—the terms were synonymous. Life was the essence of holiness, beauty, love; death the essence of sin, ugliness and hate. The Kingdom of Heaven was the

state of the heart, not something which was to come after death.

One of the by-products of the World War was the cult of the so-called psychic phenomena, which arose like a miasmic cloud from the fields of battle. Hundreds of publications on the subject appeared, many of them purporting to be inspired or dictated by departed spirits. The publishers presumably supplied a ready demand and some of the authors were men of established reputation in the fields of drama, fiction, philosophy and even science. The books were all more or less religious in design and all sought to teach that death is an improvement. A few quotations are selected from two of the most famous of these publications. They are chosen to illustrate the world's hypnosis when confronted with the problem of death. Suffering humanity seeks and desires to be deceived on this subject. In no other way is it possible to account for such a lowering of intelligence and reasoning power as is encountered. Even the public exposure of some well known medium has little effect upon the main body of believers. They continue to believe because they wish to do so.

In an essay on "The Power of the Dead," Maurice Maeterlinck has this to say on the subject of departed spirits: "Their thoughts and their desires are always higher than our own. It is therefore by uplifting ourselves that we approach them for the dead whatever they may have been in life become better than the best of us. The least worthy of them in shedding the body have shed its vices and wickedness . . . and the spirit alone remains, which is pure in every man and able to desire only what is good. There are no wicked dead because there are no wicked souls."

In "The Abolishing of Death," by Basil King, the departed spirit, through the writer, says of death: "It is more like leaving prison for freedom and happiness . . . No wish of ours is ever left unsatisfied . . . We have all your senses and ours too."

Not even the hymns of the various sects are so well fitted to illustrate the hypnotic power of the illusion induced by the thought of death. If one believes it, how can one escape from the deduction that homicide is an act of mercy and suicide a duty—incumbent upon us all? A number of

suicides which followed the course of Sir Conan Doyle when he was in America in 1922 were directly attributed to his teaching.

It should be said that the leaders of this movement are not men of anaemic type. If one judges from the photographs familiar to readers of popular magazines, they are lusty and well conditioned, probably even over fond of the flesh pots of Egypt; yet they infuse an insidious doctrine to which the feeble and credulous succumb with deleterious consequences.

In a current magazine an authorized investigator has asserted that "No spiritualist in the history of the world has ever produced an effect which the magicians cannot exactly duplicate under identical conditions. No medium has ever appeared before a body of trained magicians without being thoroughly exposed, no medium has ever been able to produce a single supernormal effect under conditions which made trickery impossible."

Laws which protect the public against impure food and drugs by prohibiting false labels on the containers should be extended to prohibit also the sale of reading matter falsely superscribed.

Much of this "literature of death" bears misleading nomenclature, as "The Abolishing of Death."

When titles of such publications are baldly misleading one could reasonably prosecute. Maeterlinck's essay carries a title which is maladroit, to say the least, "The Power of the Dead" as well say The Whiteness of Black,—The Loveliness of Hate,—The Honor of Ignominy.

A grave-yard aroma intoxicates many and the thirst for phenomena is hardly less prevalent today than it was in mediaeval times. Spiritualism and psychic research are merely aspects of the ancient necromancy, masquerading under another name, against which so many of the wise and great in all ages have warned in no uncertain terms.

For man immortality is what reason is for the animal. The reason of the existence of the animal kingdom is a reasonable being. The reason of the existence of mankind is an immortal one . . . as the animal world gravitates toward reason so humanity gravitates toward immortality . . . . Death is an evident victory of unreason over reason, of chaos over cosmos.

Vladimir Solovieff

CHAPTER VII

HUMAN life is notably cheapened in two ways: by war, and by war's complement, a prolific birthrate. Lothrop Stoddard says: "The real enemy of the dove of peace is not the eagle of pride or the vulture of greed, but the stork." If the advocates of birth control claim too much when they assert that *all* war is due to the driving power of a population too large for its boundaries and its natural resources, this at least was clearly behind the recent world war; unchecked it will tend to become a greater and more virulent cause of conflict if, as time goes on, the populations continue to increase. Among the lower species, as we have seen, nature makes prodigious provision against extinction. Her precautions have not been invariably successful. Some species have become extinct. Nature made the mammoth too big, and the mammoth perished from sheer bigness. Man was made much smaller than the mammoth, and

is perhaps exactly the right size. Nature has taken great pains with him. In man is an intricate organ which had been only sketchily developed in earlier species; it was like a new experiment on nature's part. Man was given a highly specialized brain which facilitated his prowess in arts and crafts, sciences and industry; and at the same time he was made capable of developing certain spiritual faculties, faculties which brought him into direct communication with mighty forces of good and evil. It was intended that these gifts, stupendous advantages over the lower creation, should make it possible to substitute regeneration for reproduction. There are many evidences of nature's early purpose and later apostasy. Man had every organ and every faculty required for this new event. There was ample material for necessary repair, sufficient intelligence and ability to reduce waste to a minimum; and above all there were those psychic qualities which made it possible for him to communicate with the highest wisdom, to align himself with the highest power. Man was potentially perfect because of this exalted communication, this powerful alignment.

But man fell from his high estate. He adopted the customs of "the beasts that perish," customs that he would have never known without their example, customs which to this day he cannot know without initiation.

He reproduced his kind and made way for another generation. Once more nature had failed of her purpose. All the older forms of religion clearly recognize the defection involved in the substitution of reproduction for regeneration. It was not until comparatively a recent period that the ancient rite of Purification after childbearing has been generally discarded. Sin offerings and prayers for Atonement are no longer in vogue. Women are not now required to refrain from touching any hallowed thing for a period of time. —(Leviticus 12, 4.)

Yet remnants of the old teaching are still included in the Church Prayer Books. In the Service for the Ministration of Baptism, the phrase "All men are conceived and born in sin" has given offense to many generations of churchgoers. Passionate efforts have been made in the past and are being made at the present day to do away with this odious statement. Those sects

which are unhampered by tradition have subjected the Service for Baptism to the same refining process applied to the Burial Service. Harsh, repellent, acrid phrases are rejected to be replaced by smooth, genial, winning fatuities. Every religion has been subject to this tendency to emasculate the original sources. As in an earlier period, the people still "say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits."

It is well known that from early times to the present day a large proportion of men and women, of the highest culture and distinction, men of individuality and genius, have left no children. This was a notable fact in the days when the birthrate was comparatively high and it is more marked at the present time. Until very recently many of the best of human kind were cloistered. Today, though the Church claims a smaller proportion, celibacy among the higher classes increases and parenthood decreases. This was true before the war, and already there has been a fall in the birth rate since the usual post-war acceleration. It is increasingly true that a

considerable proportion of the youth of the higher classes are finding it inconvenient or undesirable to marry. At a somewhat later period, when the inconvenience is perhaps removed, the inclination is not of compelling force. It is well understood that the growing disinclination for parenthood cannot be universally condemned any more than a readiness for prodigal production can be universally extolled. If we compare a large group of childless persons with another group of more than ordinarily fecund parents, casually selected, the latter group will undoubtedly suffer. In Berlin, for instance, as in Paris, the proletarian quarters of the city show a birth rate more than three times as high as the birth rate in the better sections.

Worcester's dictionary thus defines the adjective proletarian—"low, base, vile," yet the real meaning of the word is "producer of children." It originated in Rome where the class was not altogether despised, as H. G. Wells assures us. Its function was of value to the state, which was at that time in need of colonists to form new Latin cities, or to garrison important points. The higher classes in Rome were notably deficient as

breeders of children. Among the higher classes today the desire for children continues to decrease as individuality becomes more defined.

C. W. Saleeby, in "The Cycle of Life," says—"A cardinal fact in physiology is an antagonism between reproduction and individuation . . . in the human race this antagonism is one of the most self evident of facts."

In the lower forms of life, both animal and vegetable, the individual is little more than a host for the reproductive function. In the higher forms of life the importance of the individual increases while the reproductive function is subordinate.

Again from Saleeby: "We can imagine starting with the race which is all race and not individual at all; we may end with the individual which is all individual, the race living on in the individual."

It has been observed that the cosmic root of the distaste for sensuality is this natural antagonism between individuation and reproduction. An individual who holds aloof out of regard for his own individuality is more inclined to honor the individuality of others.

The earth labors to produce the supreme individual—the super man. Understanding of this fact is evolving in the human consciousness today. It is evident in literature, in drama. Fiction no longer sets itself to complicity of plot and counterplot but to the psychological development of the individual.

It may yet be shown that a hitherto undreamed of economy of birth sets free a body of creative power which will be used for individual development. This creative power has served certain of the elect in all ages and may be increasingly understood.

Since prehistoric times many religious and political leaders have taken it upon themselves to encourage multiplicity of births. A parent is taught to feel that he has not lived in vain, however ineffectual his life may have been aside from the production of children; there are a variety of wise sayings, Biblical and others, to support his self-esteem. It is quite true that if his other accomplishments are meagre he may have some reason to hope that his children may do better. This type of man is referred to in the Psalms. It is there said of men who have produced a "quiver

full" of children "They shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate."

The ineffectual man who is also childless, may reasonably hang his head. Yet there is another class of childless men who may pass their enemies in the gate unbowed and unafraid. Jesus and Paul were childless. Paul strenuously advocated the condition of celibacy. It would be difficult to say how large has been the proportion of the childless among the great leaders of men—statesmen and warriors, as well as poets, prophets, and philosophers, the truly useful ones. Millions deliberately hid themselves in cloisters and laboratories; many others left illustrious names. Julius Caesar, Raphael and Michelangelo, Washington, Beethoven, Disraeli, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Franklin, Pope, Ruskin and Nietzsche left no direct heirs.

If the illustrious individual has children at all they are merely incidental; the preponderant part of his creative ability has gone into his work tending to benefit all mankind. Children of great men are almost invariably disappointing. They bear the onus of a great name lacking the ability to wear it gracefully. They rattle about

in it like Tom Thumb in the boots of Jack the Giant Killer.

Genius—great creative ability of any kind, is unthinkable without great procreative power. Intellectual ability does exist in cold natures but lacking the "élan vital" it is sterile, comparatively useless. Yet it should be understood that sexuality per se is an offshoot of the creative urge, a parasitic growth tending to detract from its primal virtue. Scientists cannot tell how or when the Universe was created, but it is safe to say that it was an original product of the creative urge. Sexuality came aeons after the beginning of things. It was evolved even later than the earliest forms of animal life. Sexuality is still a mere pimple on the body of creative force. The procreative ability is again and evermore available for regenerative purposes. And since superior individuals are less and less inclined to reproduce, a rapid advance in this cult of regeneration is necessary to the survival of civilization. Nature's preposterous effort and flagrant failure to establish regeneration roused a desperate need. The old makeshift reproduction was thrust forward as a subterfuge. As such it necessarily has

some pleasing qualities of its own, otherwise it would not have been accepted and the race would have perished. Nature resorted to all sorts of cunning tricks to cover up her fiasco, to disguise her pitiful *pis aller,* to give it lustre and dignity, even a sort of unctuous eminence, which it retains to this day. Love if not blind is lamentably myopic. The reproductive instinct has almost infinitely disastrous power. To say it has wrecked innumerable lives, has instigated wars and overthrown kingdoms is merely to skirt the outlines of its malefic empire. "By anything less than love many men cannot be induced to commit a crime, to be guilty of treason, to reanimate in themselves such feelings as they thought to have killed out long ago."

In the religion of the Hindus love and death are the two faces of one deity. Siva, the god of the creative forces, is at the same time the god of violent death, murder and destruction. Our own God of love is represented as sitting on a throne giving eternal life to those at His right hand while those at His left hand are cast out into eternal darkness. This duplex function is plainly regeneration versus reproduction.

A new standard continues to evolve. A man who can make his own life an end in itself has no need for olive branches. The paternal instinct is very strong in the man who is losing hope of his own powers of attainment. In his son he looks for the joy of vicarious distinction. As his own personality grows more ineffectual he turns passionately to his offspring for self-justification. It is then that he begins to whimper for someone to be the hero he once wanted to be; someone to boast about when he is with his associates at his club.

Saleeby says of the bee society: "The highest development of the individual by far is found in the females who are not mothers. They have renounced maternity, as it were, and have become masterpieces of life . . . . The so-called queen, the only mother in the hive, is, to speak frankly, a fool, incapable of looking after herself, and so far from being a queen, does not direct or control the least of her own activities, to say nothing of those of the hive or any individual in it."

In the vegetable world, natural death can be postponed if the plant can be prevented from seeding. One of the concerns of the gardener is

to nip off the little buds of certain of the flowering plants in order to enhance the life of the plants.

Hence it is not surprising to learn that those Viennese Scientists who are interested in the recent cult of rejuvenation, have made use of some of the same experiments which have been employed by gardeners for many generations. Experiments demonstrate that if the reproductive function is paralyzed, the internal, the regenerative function tends to "proliferate and expand." It is true that the regenerative function process may be enhanced in many instances without rendering the subject incapable of parenthood; in other instances, simple and logical sterilization is called for and administered. It must be understood that sterility does not involve loss of love. Love and life are both enhanced. It is only in the sterile that love may be said to come in to its own.

The distinguished sociologist Gabriel de Tarde in his profoundly suggestive essay on love says: "It is evident that though born as the serf of generation, love tends to be freed from it. In place of a simple method of procreation, it becomes an end, it has created itself a title—a royal

title. Our gardeners cultivate flowers that are all the more beautiful because they are sterile.

Why is the double corolla of love held more infamous than the sterilized flowers of our gardens? Love now attracts to itself the best and highest parts of the soul, where lies the hidden ferment of all that is great in science and art."

Philosophers and scientists have been at great pains to devise reasons to account for those very human qualities—modesty and shame. The State, the Church and the individual conscience guided by high standards of reasonable ethics and altruism may approve of those preliminary and ultimate notions, directly or indirectly associated with the affair of reproduction, yet against reason, against the sensual allure, against the inevitable spiritual exaltation associated with every creative process there remains innate and ineradicable an instinctive revolt, a revolt taking the form of injured modesty and shame. Philosophical debate fails to account adequately for this uncanonical dissent. The habits, even of savages and aborigines have aspects of careful modesty and fierce reserve. This necessity for reserve, the demand for a covering of fig leaves was the im-

mediate consequence of the fall of our first parents. It remains true to this day, that the primal destiny of man calls for a process of continual regeneration of the individual. Reproduction undoubtedly opposes itself to regeneration and this opposition is apprehended by the human consciousness which probably never fails to register some degree of resistance or of regret for its failure to conform to the rulings of its higher nature.

It will not be denied that the production of superior progeny is still an act of high service to the social state, but it should be understood that a higher form of service is possible and desirable. The period of child-bearing is generally short. At any time only a small proportion of women are actually begetting children or caring for babies. After the age of thirty-five most women desire to turn to other things. Beyond that age, women are more and more seeking social and cultural advance. The churches, women's clubs, even the colleges are receiving them. We read of women taking college courses with their daughters or sons. Desired opportunities for culture and self-expression are sometimes lacking at

an early age. Later on, obstacles may be cleared away and men and women begin to discern the meaning of life; they discover not without surprise how good it is to be alive. They seek passionately for a wider understanding, a lifted horizon. Many are mentally more alert, more avid for gain in the thirties and forties than in the 'teens! Men often find the expansion they need in their business affairs. Motherhood in the twenties may also open the way to a wider outlook, a keener desire to expand in the years that follow under the caption "Doing Nothing Isn't Done." An editorial in a recent issue of a woman's fashion magazine declares—"It is no longer the mode to be decoratively useless. Clever women know how to do things these days; they sing, or paint, or dance, or act, if they have native talent for the arts. They train themselves in grace and diction. They practice landscape gardening or interior decoration. They study such behind the scenes arts as housekeeping, servant training, and the mysteries of cooking. Some of the boldest spirits even enter a profession like their brothers. Add a new line to your repertoire this winter."

It is well understood that the countries having the highest birth rate, also have the highest death rate; the two counts are aligned though the proportions are not always exact. Before the war among the European nations, Russia headed both lists and Hungary came second in both. China and India, though uncounted, are known to have exceeded Russia in both lists. Yet China is at the mercy of little Japan, and India is under the dominion of England with its proportionately small number of births and deaths.

Havelock Ellis says on this subject: a nation with a high birth rate is not in a state of efficiency. That high birth rate is the mark of immaturity, defective civilization and general inefficiency. Exactly in the degree in which the birth rate declines . . . efficiency is found to be increased."

Lothrop Stoddard in the last chapter of his book, "The Revolt Against Civilization," makes a desperate and wholly unsuccessful effort to suck hope from the doctrine of the eugenists. He sees no other prospect of salvation than in the immediate adoption of the program thus defined: "The problem of eugenics is to make such legal, social and economic adjustments that (1) a larger

proportion of superior persons will have children than at present; (2) that the average number of offspring of each superior person will be greater than at present; (3) that the most inferior persons will have no children; and (4) that other inferior persons will have fewer children than now."

The trend of the stream of life long has been far from this project, and in the last decade, there has been such a rushing flow in the opposite direction that to expect the current to turn in its course is like asking Niagara to climb back over the mountain precipice. Salvation lies in working with the stream, instead of against it.

Even scientific discoveries which aimed to favor race betterment, in fact have tended toward the preservation of the unfit, and "are at present working mainly in the direction of racial decay by speeding up both social sterilization of superior stocks and the multiplication of inferiors. The result is a process of racial impoverishment extremely rapid and ever accelerating."

Nature is ever ready to supply quantity. Salvation demands quality, not more lives but more life; more time to demonstrate the ideal. Being

very nearly swamped by quantity, hope is not yet extinct because in all classes there are still superior individuals pressing forward for salvation —passionately eager for enlightenment—ready to follow the gleam upward, out of the mire into the promised land of the heart's desire.

WHEN Adam and Eve were immortal it was necessary that they should make the earth an extremely comfortable place to live in. . . . . If you take a house on a ninety-nine years' lease you spend a good deal of money on it. If you take it for three months you generally have a bill for dilapidations to pay at the end of the time. . . .

Creative evolution is unmistakably the religion of the twentieth century.

BERNARD SHAW

CHAPTER VIII

UNDER creative evolution the fetching standard of the Epicureans would no longer attract. "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." Self-control, culture, service, of what avail if death creeps on apace. Many still advocate this reasonable doctrine and more follow it. We will change all that when it is understood that we have at our command not only sufficient power but sufficient time to avail ourselves of our resources. In the past when a man met a series of disappointments before the age of thirty-five he too often felt that his losses were irretrievable, his future was circumscribed, and his person stamped with the ineffectual. Two important assets may avert insolvency—love of the end to be attained and the realization that abundant time is available. It may be observed that many of the best spirits come into the world ill adjusted to mundane con-

ditions. The personality which presents itself "four square" may not be essentially more worthy than the personality which fits less easily or not at all the prepared place. In this predicament many valuable lives have been either cut off in youth or rendered palpably ineffectual—lives which might have been saved by an understanding of the infinitude of time and the vastness of opportunity. One may easily understand that if each youth were assured of a period of time approximating three hundred years in which to achieve his ideals, his outlook upon life would be transformed, his desire to attain would be infinitely increased because of the prospect of enduring results. There would be vastly greater incentives to self-restraint, wise education and personal culture, not only of the intellectual faculties but along the lines of morals and esthetics. If we may eat and drink for an infinitude of tomorrows, the motive is immediately strengthened; the inducement is great for worthily partaking of such nourishment as may sustain the body for an enduring instrument of power to the soul. It is impossible for us to conceive of a better instrument for the growth of the soul than is

the body as we know it at its best. Nor is it possible for us to conceive of a Heaven more beautiful and more desirable than is this sorry and tumultuous planet as it may be at its best. In the scriptures Heaven is portrayed in earthly terms as a beautiful garden and again as a golden city. If we believe the Creator of this world could likewise create other and subsequent conditions for the soul which would be more favorable, we are halted by a wall of inexperience, surmounted by a maze of heady and illogical surmise, contrary to scriptural teaching, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, he that is filthy let him be filthy still, he that is righteous let him be righteous still."

Our highest aim is to be like Christ. He Himself as he approached the grave of Lazarus declared, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." In this speech death obviously signified death of the body. Those who quote it to signify life after the death of the body take it forcibly from its context and relieve it of its original meaning. St. Paul elaborated this teaching. We find his clearest and best exposition in the eighth chapter of Romans.

An old and nearly forgotten expositor compared the Bible to a jeweled ring. The New Testament is the jewel of the ring and Romans VIII the gleam of the jewel. St. Paul gives us clear and very simple rules for the attainment of immortality. It is true that immortality is not to be attained, as it were, on the spur of the moment, but our difficulty need not be for lack of understanding. St. Paul's teaching could be made clear to an intelligent school boy.

After a life of extraordinary strenuosity, the Apostle was martyred in Rome. His failure to carry to completion in his own life the foremost tenet of his teaching, has induced misunderstanding and unbelief. The lesson has been almost wholly neglected. We accept the ring but allow the jewel to grow dull and gleamless. The teaching of the Church has been, as we have seen, primarily a preparation for death, a Rosary of petitions for pity, a teaching of negatives, a reiteration of Thou shalt nots. One who will continuously avoid a succession of evils nevertheless sees himself continuously approaching an end which is in itself so revolting that he needs help through life to sustain the dreadful thought of it.

How different is the Spirit of the Lord's Prayer where we are taught to pray for the coming of God's Kingdom on Earth. Also from St. Paul who said we wait for the redemption of the body.

Both Christ and St. Paul taught for future generations, perhaps most of all for us. St. Paul's text is, "To be carnally minded is death, to be spiritually minded is life and peace." We are carnally minded when we are submerged in the grossly material; we are spiritually minded when we think upon what has only a superficial relation to material things. More simply the life of spirit proceeds from love and beauty, death from hate and ugliness.

If one would put this to the test let him repeat from memory the lines of some inspired poet, or philosopher, lines which seem to him beautiful and lovely, and if he has in any degree entered into the spirit which inspired these lines he will feel a certain freedom of the body, a loosening as of bonds, the nerves are stilled, the face becomes smooth, the expression tranquil. The significance of these physical changes should not be overlooked. If we will attend to the processes of that force which for good or ill is continually reform-

ing the material of the body we can, if we will, remodel the docile fabric until we have acquired the body we desire, the form best suited to our end and aim, even the image and likeness of God.

Walter Pater says of the portrait of the Mona Lisa Giaconda, by Leonardo da Vinci, "It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit little cell by cell of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. . . . Thoughts and feelings have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form." This significant criticism has become nearly as famous as the portrait it characterizes.

Thus the contemplation of art may raise the soul to the spiritual plane. Our eyes see the materials which the artist has employed, but the spirit grasps the idea which animated him. This idea possesses us to such an extent that we have for the moment forgotten material things, our own bodies and even the matter before us upon which we gaze. This brief absence from the body has given the material parts a refreshing rest which is better than sleep. Having ceased

to worry the body with meddlesome thought we are immediately subject to higher vibrations which transform and transmute. This is the new birth of the scriptures. In the ascending spiral of progress after man has learned to direct the life force to those bodily parts where it is most needed, he learns again to forget the forces in the new freedom. The second forgetfulness is almost infinitely removed from the first state of gross carelessness. The story of man's rise to higher things is of necessity a "book of paradoxes." Each one understands this from his own experience. "We are aware of the stirring within us of what seems to be a new faculty, a new purpose, even a new being. In moments of rare penetration the outer crust of our ordinary personality appears to dissolve for a little and the radiance of an inner man transfigures the exterior nature."

We must watch for the thoughts and moods which give the body this freedom. The devout may attain it by prayer and ejaculation with contemplation. Enthusiastic activity for others and for ourselves may give it to us. Love gives it. A man of fifty making love is transformed into a charming boy. When love carries us out of our-

selves then the body is free and youth is attained. If we have no enthusiasms, no love for God or God's Creation, then we are stagnant, fit only for the mire. "Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth." Thus the Creator in the Book of Revelations. For many the churches give the desired freedom. For those who are not fortunate enough to have felt it for themselves the loosening of bonds may be observed in others who go in and out of the great cathedrals. Like the beggar who hopes for your pittance at the door, you may stand within and gather crumbs from the countenances of those simple ones of all classes who have cast off their fetters before the Altar of God.

In an earlier chapter we have noted the value of concentrating the attention upon the throat, the place of the thyroid gland and upon the region of the eyes. In religious and artistic exaltation this is done automatically; the muscles of the throat and eyes press forward without effort because the mysterious product of the thyroid glands is at such times very active. All parts of the body, especially the eyes, are refreshed and vitalized. If we could retain the freedom of

such exalted moments, we would never need to consider material aids.

To achieve such freedom and to sustain this condition is possible to any of us if we have time to acquire the habit. To gain time we must keep the body young. Youth and growth are nearly synonymous. If we have achieved spiritual growth since yesterday and are on the way to fresh achievement tomorrow, then the body is cherished and preserved. If our prayers and religious practices are helping us thus to enhance life, we have the religion of Christ. If our religious profession and practice have failed to enhance life, then we have deceived ourselves. Let us put all our thoughts and emotions, all our habits, to this test. Do they nourish, preserve and enhance the life forces? Can we through them rise above the lower order with its elements of destruction into the sphere of the higher life? The whole race is hungering and thirsting for this life of the Spirit. The prevalence of drug taking and indulgence in alcohol show a desire to rise by artificial means to a spiritual plane. These may simulate in effect true spiritual exaltation as closely as gross metal may be made to

simulate gold. Both the true and the artificial exaltation are subject to reaction, but in the one instance there is a residuum of permanent gain and in the other an ugly aftertaste, a nervous shock of relapse, which if often repeated may seriously injure the entire system.

True exaltation is essentially religious, but it is not confined within the limitations often put upon this greatly misunderstood term.

"Each soul is potentially divine. The goal is to manifest this divinity within by controlling nature, external and internal.

"Do this by work, or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy, by one or more or all of these and be free. This is the whole of religion. Doctrines, or dogmas, or rituals, or books, or temples or forms are but secondary details."

All the arts, too, are capable of lifting man out of the elemental self, and in this lies their value. Music to many makes the most direct appeal to the higher emotions. Architecture has made a very wide contribution to the uplift of the human race. How difficult it would be not to pray in some of the cathedrals and in some of the more ancient temples of the gods.

To others the painter's art brings the desired effect. A visit to an art gallery may be a spiritual adventure of considerable import. In the contemplation of Botticelli's Spring, the Sistine Madonna, or some of the Valesquez portraits, there is discovered within us a certain refining readjustment of the material forces. There is unquestionably a physical change for the better and probably a permanent one. Schopenhauer says, "In artistic and religious perception we have the consciousness of spiritual freedom and an etherlike at-homeness everywhere in reality, which is the highest efflorescence of life, a kind of salvation or exaltation in which everything that savors of bondage, restriction, restraint, and misery seems to pass away. The rest and repose that we find in true art and true religion come from that consciousness of having potentially attained to a perfection which we instinctively regard as the end of our being. . . . The kernel of true religious feeling is only a reflex of the deep calmful satisfaction felt in looking upon beauty as always affording its votaries a peace that the world cannot give."

If art has the power to exalt the spirit and to

adjust the forces of the body for the attainment of youth and immortality, the contemplation of nature is no less potent. Nature in her finest aspects can by turns soothe, beguile, stimulate, and exalt us. Wordsworth classified the love of nature with the religious sentiment, as Schopenhauer classified the love of art.

To many of us poetry, of all the arts, has done most to exalt the spirit and so enhance the life forces. In his book on "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," Arnold Bennett gives poetry a prominent place. For those who fail to attain the poetic mood he has other practical suggestions. Clearly the sterile one is innately perverse. Bennett's book is a protest not only against materialism but against a stupid and inane expenditure of time. Trifling and pettiness may be more wearing to the spirit than actual grossness, because grossness usually brings a forcible reaction.

I know a woman who won a college degree for her prowess in mathematics. She tells of a luscious joy of suspense preceding the discovery of the beautiful, inevitable logic of a proposition of Euclid. "It is so true," she says with shining eyes. In her face is the aspect of eternal youth.

It is her belief that while poets and philosophers may cleverly surmise, it is only the mathematicians who veritably understand the significance of exactitude and truth. Perhaps this is an unusual means of transport, but each of us has some enthusiasm capable of lifting us out of the mire.

There is material all about us to nourish the immortal element. Every breath we draw works its change. The thought which comes to us at the same time will determine whether that inhalation shall work good or ill.

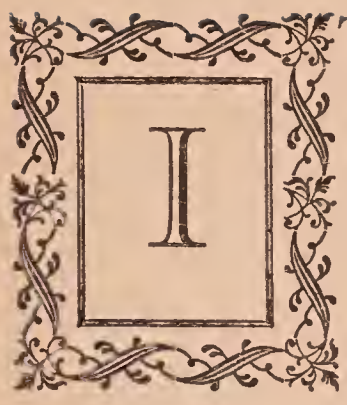
Emerson says, "Whenever we are sincerely pleased we are nourished." The spirit, like the body, needs variety. There are pleasures of ease and pleasures of combat, pleasure of friendly intercourse and the pleasure of retiring into the closet to pray in solitude. There are moods of passion and moods of intellectual power, moments of insight. Let us grasp them all as they come and incorporate the life in them, "little cell by cell," into our being, with method and deliberation. If difficulties arise we may remember that the contribution of victory in combat may be as the polished corners of the temple. Perhaps the victory is delayed—the bitterness and corro-

sive power of defeat would be taken away, if we felt in ourselves not only a force in reserve for continued and well directed effort, but also a sufficiency of time.

POLITICAL and social problems cannot be solved by mere human mushrooms who decay and die when they are just beginning to have a glimmer of wisdom and knowledge needed for their own government. . . . The statesmen of Europe were incapable of governing Europe. What they needed was a couple of hundred years training and experience.

BERNARD SHAW

CHAPTER IX



IT MAY be put forth as an axiom that if men were agreed upon a wise expenditure of power in any given direction in preference to all others, progress would advance an hundred-fold. Mankind would move forward with such strides that the activities of the past would look like the accomplishment of pygmies by comparison. Even failing unanimity of action, if a multitude of strong folk, a fair portion of the whole, were thus held in unity of purpose, having agreed upon a definite aim, the long looked for salvation soon would be achieved, the millenium would be at hand. Men never have worked with anything approaching unity of purpose, hence a devastating waste.

Against the constructive ability of man is his power of destruction. Events of the last decade suggest a maelstrom, a vertigo of power.

A virile child left alone for an afternoon with a generous supply of blocks and toys, will take pleasure in the construction of walls and pyramids, arsenals, showing, perhaps, a certain promise of resource along these lines. The ability to construct gives him an agreeable sense of power, a very precious belief in his own worth, a distinct cosmic push along the lines of his personality. These new-found sensations delight him for a time; he determines to advance in greatness. When he finds his initial joys have a tendency to pall, with no lack of faith in his own ability to cope with the void, he turns his attention to his destructive powers. In these he discovers a still greater charm, a more rapid and obvious appeal to his imagination. Thus walls are laid low, pyramids are demolished, pictures and books are torn, crockery is shattered, a broken doll is grist to the mill of his growing egotism, sawdust is strewn about, tin soldiers are bent and pounded. The aspect of the room at the end of the afternoon suggests an earthquake, a deluge, or the passage of an invading army. All this is a display of valuable motive force. The child is wise in his time. His parents may be inconvenienced but secretly

they applaud. The child's actions are in accord with the doctrine of the philosopher, "A living thing seeks above all to discharge its strength. Life itself is will to power; self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent results thereof."

In 1914 man looked upon the earth and found it good. After a century of unprecedented achievement in industry, commerce, engineering, and science, man, reeling with a sense of power, turned upon his own kind in a delirium of destruction so acute that one may thank Heaven that as yet human skill has certain limitations. Though force has no discoverable limit, the ability to manipulate force as yet is circumscribed, otherwise who can doubt that there would be no fair city left upon the earth, no smiling villages upon the hillsides, no concourse of human beings spared who would be adequate to the task of reconstructing a new order from the remnants of the old.

Before the war the vivid fancy of H. G. Wells occupied itself on this subject. He portrayed a more advanced development of aviation that would make it possible to send heavy armaments

into the air. Bombs, in this fiction, became more destructive with the invention of new explosives. With armies thus equipped and able to take rapid flight under cover of the night, it is easy to see that what remained after a world war would be little and scattered. The destruction which actually took place by means of bombs thrown by aviators, though sufficiently alarming, was far less than had been predicted by Wells; the art of destruction at that time fell short; the world was saved by a narrow margin. Had the war come only a few years later the worst that was predicted could have taken place. Already, since the war, the looked-for advances have been made. In 1922 the British Parliamentary Air Committee reported that "this country could be raided and London and other towns destroyed. . . . All great wars in the future will begin with terrific battles in the air, and if any country suffers a real defeat in her first battle, the victor will, in a few days, destroy her ports, her railway centers, her munition factories, and her capital, by intensive bombardments from the air." The committee stated that instead of the usual bombs averaging one hundred pounds, bombs now are carried of

four thousand pounds' weight, "which may be filled with material even more harmful than high explosives, such as concentrated poisoned gas or germs."

At a luncheon at the Hotel Victoria on the 28th of July, 1922, the Prime Minister, speaking of the League of Nations, said, if it "fails, and I speak advisedly, civilization is doomed—is doomed. You have explosive material littered all over Europe. Conflict comes with a suddenness that is appalling."

The rage to conquer on all sides has been so great that it is fair to assert that after sacrificing so much the fact that we have now enough left to establish a new order, is a condition imposed upon us against our wills and against our best efforts. That we are not without hope is attributable not to the will of man but to the formerly existing limitations of man's power to use destructive force. We love war and few of us deny it. The French have a phrase *"Nostalgie de combat."* We read of soldiers in the French hospitals suffering from this homesickness for the battlefield, living only to return to the front, pleading for an opportunity to fight again. The Paris

Figaro of September 17, 1914, has a story of one such soldier, mortally wounded, and tells it as typical of the many. He pleads to return *"Quand on est la-bas on est comme au-dessus de soi-meme, on ne sent plus la fatigue, ni la souffrance, on ne veut qu'une chose. Avancer! Ah! Recommencer!"*

A very popular book during the war was Von Bernhardi's *"Germany and the Next War."* It was well known in pre-war days, but it attained its greatest popularity outside of Germany while the war raged. Bernhardi quite frankly disbelieves that any nation could be honest in its desire for peace and looks upon any efforts in that direction as a subterfuge. He asserts that any "efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish but absolutely immoral, and must be described as unworthy of the human race." Of the efforts of passivists he says, "Pacific ideals, to be sure, are seldom the real motive of their action. They usually employ the need of peace as a cloak under which to promote their own political aims—they try to exclude all chance of contest with opponents of their own strength, and thus avoid the stress of great politi-

cal emotions, without which the moral development of national character is impossible. Arbitration treaties must be peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring people which has not yet reached its political and national zenith and is bent on expanding its power in order to play its part honorably in the civilized world."

Treitschke, another well-known German, said, "God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine to the human race."

It is sometimes said that war is waged principally for the benefit of capitalists and political leaders who drive the people on for their own ends. Yet the facts are that an unpopular war soon would collapse if it ever got beyond the initial stage. The populace demanded war, a few years ago, and a political leader, like Wilson, who wished to hold the people back, was abused and vilified until he consented.

In 1915, before Italy declared war, there were war riots and the leaders would have had difficulty in restraining the people much longer.

When war is over and peace is declared the warriors return to their homes, if they are fortunate enough to have homes outside the devastated

regions. If their homes are destroyed they find some substitute for a home; they accept federal aid or charity; the standard is lowered. There is some grumbling, but the majority feel satisfied to pay the price for their excitement. They are inured to hardship and know they are fortunate to have escaped with their lives. They are back in the humdrum world again, and the main consideration now seems to be the *breeding another generation for another war.* A rise in the birth rate is always an aftermath of conflict. There must be no lack of material when again occasion arises for nation to rise against nation, kingdom against kingdom. The thing has gone on in a vicious circle, ever growing more deadly, until civilization has reached a point where it must either change its direction or perish. Let us not blur the issue, nor turn upon it with myopic vision. Half-way measures have been tried and have failed. The dilemma must reach its logical outcome unless a radical change is brought about in the spirit of the people.

Several years before the war H. G. Wells predicted a lull in scientific achievement and invention. He said, in effect, that materially there was

no new thing to invent. A quarter of a century earlier the coming developments were sufficiently indicated. The world looked from day to day for some new device, some material advance. New conveniences, new forms of industry continually were being involved. Continually there were new excitements to wonder and admiration, new reasons for hopefulness and content.

But before the war it seemed to Wells that inventors had no new tricks to perform, that they must content themselves with becoming more dexterous with the old. There was an obvious lull after a period of unprecedented accomplishment in construction. Like the child who no longer found anything to build, man reveled in his ability to destroy. Continually generating new power, failure to construct inevitably led to destruction. A lull in achievement fails to impose a lull upon active force. Periods of quiescence in historic times have been times of diabolism, witchcraft, disease and individual rapacity. Suicide is notably increased in times of surface ease and serenity. The race, like the individual, continually must advance or relapse. In either instance, power is at work. Death, like birth, is labor.

To many the affair seems hopeless. Is it hopeless? Science tells us that within the body is an antidote for every disease. A powerful antidote is needed for a dying race. A little correction of detail, a little uplift here and there, will not suffice. A Peace Conference led by men of the old régime with the old traditions *cannot* but fail. It degenerates into an arms conference. There is distrust and suspicion—unwillingness to concede.

While political leaders were discussing ways and means to limit armaments, at the Washington Conference, the following statement was received from the American Legion: "The American Legion recognizes the demand for retrenchment and reduction in governmental expenditures, but, as practical men who have learned the lesson of preparedness by the hard experience of war, we are confident that it would be a great mistake at this time to limit the proper functioning of the National Defence Act by a reduction in the estimates as submitted by the War Department and approved by the Budget Committee. Any material cut will seriously affect an adequate national defence of our country and will tend to

bring it below what is recognized as a proper margin of national safety."

Great hopes of the success of the Washington Conference were generally held at the beginning. Near the end, its most hopeful critic, The New York Times, said, "The outcome is very much of a nullity." Of some of the final resolutions, the same critic said, "This is a plain confession that the Washington Conference itself discovered that it was against a stone wall and could do nothing."

At Westminster Hall, January 21, 1922, Lloyd George, speaking in favor of holding a conference in Genoa, the third conference of the winter, urged the need of a thousand experts to assist and advise. "These experts," he said, "are cheaper than military experts, their retinue is smaller. One thousand experts, and we have just concluded an argument conducted between these same nations lasting four and a half horrible years! There were 30,000,000 men engaged in that conference. There were 10,000,000 of young men left dead on the debating ground, 10,000,000 more mutilated, fifty billions of expenses. People may better try another conference." The papers said he evoked "loud and prolonged cheers."

Now we know that visions of serried rows of experts redundantly informed and probably bespectacled, would not draw cheers from anybody. The Prime Minister used the emotional appeal of war, as many lesser men have done, to obtain his ends. He got his experts. He was allowed to "try another conference." The results are well known. The Geneva Conference left the international situation worse than it found it and brought about the downfall of the minister who instigated it.

War has what might be called a "stranglehold" upon the imagination of men. The Peace Societies, like the conferences, work hard and achieve little or nothing. The arguments for peace are sound, but no great cause was ever won by argument alone. A new and vital interest is essential for salvation. A few experts of another order than were called for by Lloyd George might achieve an actual revolution in the hearts of men, point a new channel for their desires, a few men and women who love life enough to hold it and cherish it, who through their sixties and seventies and eighties will retain their youthful outlines, their youthful poise and aplomb, and

thus dispel the horrid vision of old age which haunts the dreams of the young. The habit of youth once acquired by those of mature years, by those experts who have become the vanguard of salvation, may be retained with comparative ease. The thing can be done and if a few proceed to do it, they soon will have the multitude at their heels and war will be forgotten like a child's plaything.

Governments should appoint commissions to investigate the claims of the new life. Scientific facts in regard to the superabundance and persistence of the life forces should be promulgated. If it were generally known that life is benefited and enhanced by the occasion of the climacteric, a prolific source of dread and distress would be removed. Men should know that protoplasm is increased with advancing years, and should be instructed in the method of taking advantage of this increase. A little enquiry will bring forth a multitude of instances of enhanced life and well-being in the fifties and sixties and onward. When the word goes forth, instances will multiply in geometrical proportions. When the word goes out authoritatively denying the myth of the neces-

sity for degenerative old age and death, there will be a gigantic forward push in the progress of mankind such as the world never yet has seen.

Such governmental commissions should deal with the accredited facts. The prophets have prepared the way; the multitude already presses forward to accept the promised salvation. Any indication of fulfillment will be eagerly accepted and readily understood, because every individual has in himself the potential requirements. Multitudes are already showing signs of astonishment at the evidences of their own resources—many are puzzled and seek direction.

It was confidently assumed in early times that our sun went around the earth. When astronomers asserted the contrary men were loath to believe it. The dictum of the astronomers went against the evidence of the senses. For generations, not only the Church but the mass of the people refused to accept what we now know is incontrovertible. The law of the reversion of forces dimly perceived by science, but as yet not forcibly presented, will upon such presentation be more quickly accepted, even against the mass of precedent that can be brought to controvert it. Why?

First of all because the time is ripe. Then we know that, while the acceptance of Galileo's theory did not essentially change the life of the generality of men, an acceptance of the law of the reversion of forces immediately would affect every individual who is brought to consider it. Newton saw an apple fall to the ground and propounded the law of gravitation. In its more elementary aspects this law was intelligible to the meanest capacity. Of late, somewhat modified, it serves as a working hypothesis. The law of the reversal of forces resembles the law of gravitation in its simple obviousness. It differs as a working hypothesis because it is subject to the will of man, and because it shows the way to the fulfillment of the dearest desires of his heart.

An ego which does not change does not endure. To exist is to change, to change is to mature, to mature is to go on creating oneself endlessly.

Henri Bergson

Chapter X

ONE of the essentials of success in life is readiness to work with the current which bears us on. Aging persons oppose their feeble wills to this beneficent force. Perversely they try to remain static while nature makes for continual change. Whether we will or not, the body changes, but the aged have learned to retard the movement to a considerable degree. So they become like stagnant pools instead of like rippling brooks. Unopposed, the continually active cells are endlessly creative. Even the aged have a new body every year, while a normally active, happy creature changes obviously from day to day. All soft parts of the body are renewed in a few days or weeks at most. The skin is continually shedding its "horn" in minute particles and these changes are facilitated by exercise and the daily bath. The interior of the body is being incessantly

washed by little renovating rivulets of blood. This blood contains soapy substances peculiarly fitted to cleanse and carry away all that has lost its newness and freshness. It is only through violation of natural law that old age conditions appear. When we greet a friend whom we have not seen for several days, we greet a new friend, as there is little on the surface of the body which we have seen before. The new material, to be sure, is very like the old, and if our friend has the age habit he has, from sheer perversity, contrived to make the new look old and worn. His ideas, too, conform as nearly as possible to the ideas he had last week. He cannot surprise us. We know all his reactions, his probable comment on the weather, or upon such occurrences in his neighborhood or elsewhere as have forced themselves upon his attention. If we, too, have the age habit we like him chiefly because he fits our lives like an old shoe. The traditional superiority of old friends is an indication of indolence in the race. Other things being equal, new relationships are more advantageous than the old. The breaking up of a friendship of long standing may not only open the way to newer, fresher, more stimulating

associations, it may also stimulate a more cordial intercourse with the cosmic forces. Nature abhors a vacuum. Casting the eyes back over a period of years, we perceive, in the severing of old affiliations, a series of benefits. We may even love our friends better as, without regret, we look back over the gulf which now divides us.

A change in mental outlook is essential to the requirement of the habit of youth. We all recognize the benefits of a change of environment, an interruption of the routine. We may find an entire change of scene and climate marvelously renovating, if it induces a corresponding spiritual advance. The benefits of a change of scene are well known, and they are generally even overrated. Vance Thompson, in his book, "Live and Be Young," advances the idea that the most successful exponents of his theory are devotees of continual change of scene. "They swing through the seasons from the ballroom to the mountains, from the hunting field to the sea. There is a time when they are in Paris or New York, there is as inevitable a time when they are in Nice or at Palm Beach, or San Diego or Algiers." Life lived at such a pace may or may not be spiritu-

ally renovating. We believe the career of the chronic amusement seeker is subject to collapse like a pricked bubble.

Elizabeth Barrett, who lived the life of a recluse before her marriage to Robert Browning, said her adventures were all on the spiritual plane. Many who live lives of seclusion know more of the essential spiritual expansion than is possible to the subject of continual environmental change.

Emerson believed that man should be "first domesticated" before leaving home for foreign parts. He reminds us that "they who made England, Italy or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so not by rambling around creation as a moth around a lamp but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth." With a fixed spiritual center the body and mind may play to advantage.

Alchemists teach that while the "natural" condition of the spirit is volative, the manifestation of matter is comparatively fixed; the secret is to reverse this order, to fix (concentrate) the volatile spirit and to maintain in matter a continual state of flux. This "coagulation" of spirit facili-

tates the volatility of matter, and this volatility of matter, combined with the fixity of spirit, is the great desideratum, the solver of all problems, the secret of immortality. From time immemorial the alchemist has taught the feasibility of continuous life for the individual. The Hermetic doctrine by its very name indicates the volatility of the life force which was its chief concern. The flow of life was to be unhampered, *mercurial,* like the free flowing quicksilver, the *"argent vif"* of the old French alchemists.

The Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone were terms indicating desirable physical and spiritual conditions to be attained by the philosopher. The transmutation of gross metal into gold symbolizes the transmutation of the gross material form by the guiding spirit, a process which we all practice to a limited extent. When our methods, hitherto haphazard and halting, have become accurate, scientific and continuous, our progress, instead of breaking down in middle life, may be carried on to perfection.

Most of us are driven on, willy-nilly, to more or less favorable conditions in the thirties or forties. Finding ourselves possibly fit, we are too in-

clined to cry "Eureka!" believing we have scaled the heights of well-being when we have only laved our feet in the mountain stream near the base. Civilization in the same way reaches a certain height, evinces a puerile joy in its achievements and then falls back like the helpless and inanimate sea wave which moves not of its own volition, but is impelled hither and thither by the sporting winds or the remote influence of the moon. It is said that there have been nine attempts at a civilization like our own, and every attempt thus far has failed.

Bergson says, "Life in general is mobility itself, particular manifestations of life accept this mobility reluctantly and constantly lag behind. What was to become a thoroughfare has become a terminus."

The regenerate individual maintains an equilibrium; his spirit is fixed like the axis of the earth or a spinning top. He feels and comprehends the continual flux, but instead of clutching it like the unregenerate he deliberately favors its flow. The effect is like the loosening of bonds. The unregenerate in his ignorance and fear plucks at matter, drawing the forces ever closer

"from the circumference toward the center," as we have seen. By his greediness the materialist defeats his own end, hindering the free motion with his meddling interference.

Thus to the carnally minded, the very desire for life tends to deprive him of it. It is as difficult to hold life with the tentacles of desire as it would be to hold the love of a woman with chains.

The reader seated comfortably should be free from tension other than the tension necessary for holding his book. Few are actually free to that extent. Even lying in bed the nerve ridden individual fails to relax completely. Yet the ability thus to free the body from tension may be acquired by practice.

Webster's dictionary, quoting Faraday, defines tension as "a peculiar abnormal, constrained condition of the particles of bodies arising from the action of antagonistic forces, in which they endeavor to return to their natural state; a certain degree or amount of forced variation in the particles of bodies from their normal state."

It is readily understood that the antagonistic forces are none other than the friendly forces gone wrong. A simple effort relieves the tension.

If complete relaxation is not immediately attained, one at first may moderate the condition, while intelligent, well-directed effort will shortly bring complete success.

In the spiral of progress one may free matter from bonds first by thinking of it as heavy. Concentrate in turn on the legs, arms, trunk and head. One of the limbs, lifted by an attendant, when released should fall instantly as if inanimate. This valuable test of relaxation has been dealt with at length by Anna Payson Call in her book, "Power Through Repose." When each part has successfully met the test, the body is completely relaxed —volatile. In place of the peculiar, abnormal, constrained condition of the particles one may think of those minute cells as flying freely in happy, harmonious droves. They no longer "endeavor to return to their natural state," because, finding ample freedom where they are, their state is no longer unnatural. Thus the spirit unhampered, like the axis of the earth or a spinning top, may become an instrument of power.

No one who has put this practice to the test and has carefully considered the results will fail to comprehend that while he holds the body taut

he wastes power. It is only under exceptional conditions that this tension may be momentarily useful.

Sustained tension is not only useless but it is exhausting and otherwise harmful. Yet many even go about their prayers with corrugated brows and rigid tendons. When they walk abroad they either huddle the forces with contracted shoulders and furtive glances, or they assume an air of bravado against a fictitious enemy with biceps and other muscles ever ready to strike. In bed they hold themselves with anxious care as if momentarily threatened with a fall. The tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth, the jaws clamp, the head firmly pinions the pillow, the hands clutch the sheet or the thin air, every separate joint of the spine supports itself in rigid uneasiness. The mental condition is the antithesis of the Mosaic unction, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Death, long anticipated, finds them inevitably. Tension is death's advance agent, a protest of the particles of the body seeking to regain their natural state of ease and freedom. Wrinkling, the inevitable result of tension, is death's handwriting.

Tension is the antithesis of beauty. Nietzsche has this to say of the effect of tension:

> "With his breast raised and like those who draw in their breath—thus he stood there, the august one;
> "Like a tiger standeth he there, about to jump, but I care not for those strained souls.
> "To stand with your muscles relaxed and your will unharnessed, that is the hardest of all for you, ye august!
> "If he would become weary of his augustness, this august one, only then would his beauty begin."

Beauty in humanity is fleeting and exceptional chiefly because tension is so common.

Probably no other beauty is so nearly free from the blight of this constraint as those forms of Greek art which have come down to us. The Venus de Milo portrays free-flowing ease, simplicity and composure which consort with intelligence and dignity, and which are as far removed from the reckless abandonment on the

one hand as from our modern strenuosity on the other.

If we consider the unbeautiful faces and forms about us we note in repression and constraint a departure from the normal and true.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

Everywhere we see tension, the backward pull, the lips hard and thin, the brow corrugated, the hands clutched, the whole attitude either stiffly depressed or harshly defiant.

Beauty on the other hand is secure and at ease, the outward movements like the happy cell inhabitants within are free-flowing—volatile. The mouth is mobile, the lips sufficiently full, the brow is smooth, the eyebrows generally high, sometimes arched over the wide, full eyes.

TO dance is to take part in the cosmic control of the world.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

I COULD believe only in a God who would know how to dance. And when I saw my devil he was earnest, thorough, deep, solemn.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Chapter XI

DANCING is the earliest art of the world. A baby dances before it learns to walk. Most babies will adapt their dancing motions to the rhythm of music long before they have been induced to adapt that form of locomotion which usually is the adult's only method of conveying himself from place to place by his own motive power. Doubtless the inclination to substitute walking for dancing was coincident with the fall of man. Man, unregenerate, conducts himself with toil and care; solemn, like Nietzsche's devil.

If we can imagine the early years of those far-famed twins Romulus and Remus, who, suckled by a wolf, were in their early years wholly without adult companionship and example, we may believe that they habitually danced, leaped, jigged and galloped, and did not habitually conduct themselves with adult decorum as long as they were spared adult interference. Their danc-

ing was probably accompanied by hand-clapping, the beating of sticks and stones, also with their own voices in the rudiments of song.

Music, of necessity, follows the art of dancing in the evolution of the human race. The music of primitive man was very rudimentary indeed, as, first of all, supplementary to the dance its principal element was rhythm. Dancing, on the other hand, may be said to have been born full-grown, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The dances of the present day, which are adapted from the dances of primitive man, artistically are better than the dances of a few generations ago. They are less frivolous, more significant, than the waltz and the polka; and at the same time they are more varied, more specifically adapted to the modern spirit.

This generation produces dancers of creative genius. No other art is received with more acclaim, yet all but the elect have yet to learn that what may be called vicarious dancing is an anomaly—a sorry thing, if we fancy it suffices us.

A willingness to sit about and be amused or edified by appointed agents is a crying evil of modern times. The professional dancer or actor

must sometimes look out upon the dim assembly of faces before him with pity or something akin to disdain. Each gapes for its stipulated allotment of diversion, as the fledging bird gapes for the worm suspended from the maternal beak.

G. K. Chesterton, in "The New Renaissance," finds this the "one main modern defect." He says, "To amuse oneself is a mark of gaiety, vitality, and love of life. To be amused is a mark of melancholy surrender and a potentiality of suicide. The former means that a man's thoughts are attractive, artistic, and satisfying; the latter means that his own thoughts are ugly, unfruitful, and stale."

To be content to see others dance is like engaging a deputy to make love for us; it is like requiring the priest or parson to say all our prayers. Indolence! The individual who has never made love, never prayed, and never danced, is a monster.

If a child in its third year is compelled to walk an adult undeviating mile, it will suffer, first, from discomfort and distress, then from rage and exhaustion; yet the same child will play its dancing games for an hour without a sign of weariness.

A fact less generally known is that the semi-invalid, who would be quite incapable of walking a mile without getting into a state of pitiful malaise can take part in rhythmic dancing under happy, care-free conditions and feel refreshed by it. If we could enact a law prohibiting the walk at certain hours of the day, and making the dance at these times the only means of getting about, there would result some inconvenience and confusion; but the health of the community would undoubtedly improve. We cannot as yet enact such laws for the public, but many of us can regulate our own movements to a degree. With musical instruments of modern invention we may have melody in our own bed chambers. If we require it, a little instruction from a teacher of rhythmic dancing will recall to us a few natural movements—graceful evolutions. In chamber, dancing may be found an antidote for many ills. Dancing is better qualified to help us maintain or regain youthful exuberance than any other system of exercise. Every part of the body may be brought into play and the stiffness which is one of the chief characteristics of old age may be overcome.

Modern therapy lays stress upon the function of the spine, which has a modifying or controlling influence upon all other parts of the body. Without exercise the cartilage is inclined to harden and the efficiency of the whole organism is hampered. If the spine can be kept pliable other parts will tend to correspond and thus one may obviate the infirmities of old age.

All the vital organs in the trunk may be stirred to better service by judicious dancing. The oriental *Dance du Ventre* is peculiarly good for torpid liver and other prevalent disorders. Quite simply the abdominal muscles may be moved to beat time with or without music. The benefit will be marked.

Dancing from very early times was a religious act. Primitive man "danced before the Lord," as many do today, and that not only among savage races. Mohammedans still have their dancing and whirling dervishes. The dancer of necessity breathes deeply, vigorously sucks a life from without, generates it from within. Thus tempered, he is suitably equipped to commune with his Maker. That he is also ripe for wickedness at such a time is in conformity with the law; he chooses freely between good and evil.

Dancing as a religious rite having fallen into disuse among most civilized nations, it has been given over to merrymakers. These people include the simple and innocent, the child-like, also the reckless and foolhardy, even the perverted. Many who most need the solace and stimulus of this literally inspiring practice are deprived of it by a misunderstanding. Thousands languish, are peevish, depressed, anæmic, who would revive, kindled to new life by the exercise of dancing.

Such is the misapprehension about the use of this ancient art that it is commonly employed to produce only secondary ends. Dancing has, indeed, a social, a procreative value hardly to be over-estimated in the evolution of the human race; but its primal function is the regeneration of the individual. It is curious that this aspect is generally overlooked. In other arts the social value is understood to be secondary. Though a musician may strive to please others, he loves his art first for its effect upon his own spiritual life. The painter is still more isolated; his friends or the public may care for the finished product, but, once having learned the essentials, he himself

paints chiefly by himself and to please himself. The joy of the poet is in his creative thought; from the moment of conception, through the period of parturition to the day the masterpiece issues forth, and after, the poem is of the poet. No one perfectly comprehends the poem except the poet. The reader, the bystander, may be roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he fancies he, himself, breathes the starry atmosphere of the creative artist. He is benefited, but not yet saved. He cannot actually participate in the poetry of motion by merely observing it.

I saw a group of dancers appear before a king and a brilliant assembly, and all were held spellbound by the spectacle of movement. No word, no song, no didactic mouthing of a plot; yet here was drama, poetry, eloquence, nuggets of beauty gleaned from all the arts and put forth in such guise that even the most thickset and fatuous were roused from the customary torpid inertia of the human herd. This vast assembly was moved as one man.

No other art can make this universal appeal. Too often the vehicle of expression hampers the thought; words conceal, pigments blur it. The

facility of the dancer teams with the elemental and at the same time with our conception of Heaven. In like manner must angels express themselves. Words presuppose a halting intelligence. They are like crutches which we throw away when we regain our primal vigor. Maeterlinck says: "It is idle to think that by means of words any communication can pass from one man to another . . . . from the moment we have something to say to each other we are compelled to hold our peace."

We love our friends not for words, nor even for what we call good deeds, but for that which communicates itself without words. Peering through the veil that covers the subtile spirit we love, we observe the bearing, and catch revelatory movement. As in the dance, we measure the pause and analyze the posture, we estimate the deftness of the quick turn and anticipate the crescendo. Thus we know our friends. We believe one who has not and cannot acquire fluent, graceful movement has but a feeble soul, unawakened to truth and beauty.

Many, through diffidence, or through a mistaken sense of values, have neglected the art.

Well directed training may reveal an unsuspected capacity for grace and æstheticism. We may do better than "assume a virtue though we have it not." We may rouse a dormant virtue.

There is an easy analogy between the practice of philosophy and the art of dancing. The thinker who deals only with the commonplace is like the man who walks only. He has few problems of adjustment. Philosophy is a more dangerous enterprise. The dancer's methods are like the methods of the thinker whose risks are no less palpable, yet whose suppleness and equipoise may be no less sure. He, too, dips and sways, but does not fall. Antiphonally he risks slipping into the abyss and again asserts himself with unctuous ease; he courts disaster, but maintains poise. His movements may conjoin the rapidity of the falling star with the deterring lubricity of oil. "He seeks truths of a peculiar shyness and ticklishness which one can get hold of suddenly and in no other way."

Of the philosopher it has been said: "The dance is his ideal and also his art, in the end likewise his sole piety, his divine service." A certain nobility of bearing is a notable feature of

good dancing. This is an outward and visible sign of a grace which is inward and spiritual. We may need the sign to point the way for a vague and languid faculty. Action stirs and reacts. The virility of the act may arouse a slumbering empire. From the crest of the emotional wave we may cast off the powers of darkness and learn cunning tricks, which open the way to millennial freedom.

WHAT is life? Life is the ceaseless rejection from itself of something wishing to die.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Chapter XII

ONE of the most notable characteristics of old age is that it is inimical to love. We may have a somewhat formed affection for elderly persons whom we may revere for their past achievements. There is, perhaps, an attachment due to association, responsibility, or commiseration; yet old age is inevitably abhorrent to healthy youth, which is revolted at the dismaying prospect of itself succumbing to this obnoxious condition. Few youths have failed to feel, and many have expressed, a haunting aversion to the thought of submitting to such an ordeal of spoil and ravage.

"May death overtake me haply before the menopause," says Mary MacLane in her youthful autobiography. Touching on a detail of the loathed apparition which confronted her, "I would rather that almost any physical disaster should befall me than that I achieve an abdomen.

When an abdomen comes in at the door life's romances fly fast out of the windows."

I once saw a young girl fairly wring her hands over the shortness of time. She was a much-feted débutante and while she participated in the daily round of gaiety with zest and enthusiasm, she lamented her inability to devote herself also to certain forms of art and scholarship to which her tastes and talents inclined her. I reminded her that, judging from the lives of her progenitors, she might reasonably expect to live at least half a century more and that she might later find leisure and opportunity to cultivate all her predilections. Her effort to picture herself as enjoying art, literature, and life in the fifties and sixties met with indifferent success. Youth foresees old age as a period of rapid descent and pitiful decline, and shudders at one or another repellent feature as represented by those of advanced age about it.

This youthful abhorrence or shrinking of the flesh should be held in regard by the older generation. No child should be compelled to sleep with its grandmother. The nervous shock induced by any such close contact may have a lastingly deleterious effect.

It is well to remind present day youth that it is braver to attack the dreaded foe than tamely to succumb; also that it is wise to inform oneself in advance about the ways and means of a seemingly formidable enemy. What is his ammunition and what are his methods of attack? Is there not some flaw, some weakness in his armament; is he, after all, invulnerable?

Scientists tell us that the source of all life is protoplasm. Every form of animal life begins with a speck of protoplasm which expands and appropriates to itself what it needs until, in the course of evolution, we have in human-kind a vibrant, youthful creature so liberally endowed, so fair of form, so mysteriously aligned with vast occult forces, that poets and prophets have declared that man was made in the image and likeness of God. All this arose from the initial push and the continued action of the protoplasm in which the red particles of blood are suspended and to which the color is due. The process by which this minute speck develops until it becomes adult man is called "differentiation" by C. S. Minot in his book, "Age, Growth, and Death." He says, "In order that the perfection of the adult

structure should be attained it is necessary that the mere undifferentiated cells, each with a small body of protoplasm, should acquire first an increased amount of protoplasm, and that then from the increased protoplasm should be taken the material to result in differentiation, in specialization." The lowest forms of animal life are undifferentiated. Differentiation increases in the higher forms and is greatest in the most highly developed species in man."

Protoplasm then having increased until we have the highly differentiated adult man we might expect in the long period of man's so-called "decline" a decrease in this fundamental element. What actually takes place is, as we have seen, the opposite of what we would have been led to expect. Prof. Minot says of this phenomenon: "We touch the fundamental mysteries of existence, we are hovering upon the outskirts of our human conceptions. . . . Perhaps the time may come when the limit to which I can now bring you will be moved farther back, and some of the things which are at the present time utterly mysterious and incomprehensible to us will be comprehended and explicable to you."

We see here that Prof. Minot finds the continued increase of protoplasm actually harmful. In other words, we perish from too much, not too little force. If we can in any way lessen the inrush, if we can so adjust our receptivity, and can make use of just enough power, not too much and not too little, then our problem is solved.

One of the chief causes of harmful dread through the early years is the coming of the climacteric, which occurs in both sexes in the forties. This period is of bad repute through a most preposterous misinterpretation of beneficent phenomena. The climacteric marks a salutary diminution or cessation of certain morbid and unmistakably pathological characteristics. It will soon be understood that it is youth that is a disease; maturity somewhat mitigates this malady. The climacteric is the application of prophylactic, the attainment of an advanced period of convalescence, and before fifty we are usually able to dispense with a large proportion of the most trying symptoms.

Nor are physical ailments the only source of trouble to the youth. We have numerous authorities, and there are numberless examples of the

fact that the youthful outlook upon life is essentially pessimistic. One authority believes pessimism is confined to the early years. M. Mosbuis, one of Goethe's biographers, says: "One may remain a pessimist in theory, but actually to be one it is necessary to be young. As years increase one clings more firmly to life . . . . we cannot yet explain clearly the psychology of the pessimism of the young, but at least we can lay down the proposition that it is a disease of youth."

We know nature's great law of compensation. Every disease has its antidote. We have observed that in the case of acute disease and in some chronic diseases the patient may look unusually well, having at his command a superabundance of vitality called forth by his needs. So the disease of youth brings with it certain counteractions, youth's indemnification, as it were, for suffering. This counteraction may be, indeed, of such marvelous efficacy that we are deceived and fancy his virility, his particular form of excess is a condition of normal well-being. The philosopher says, "As regards sickness, could we not be almost tempted to ask whether we could in general dispense with it? It is great pain only which is the

ultimate emancipator of the Spirit." It is the pain of youth that emancipates the spirit for the experiences of maturity. It is the dilemma of youth that initiates and instigates much of the good which comes to fruition in later years. Instinctively we love youth and are tender and gentle with it, knowing its frailty and having great hopes for its future.

Shaw says, "Youth which is forgiven everything forgives itself nothing; age which forgives itself everything is forgiven nothing." It is this unforgiveness of self which is part of youth's pessimism. Youth's ideals are high and its experience little. It fancies pettiness and imperfection are intolerable. It cries with the poet, "Tis better not to live at all than not be noble." It learns leniency with sadness, believing it has insufficient time to remedy the evil.

Metchnikoff says, "Young people who are inclined to pessimism ought to be informed that their condition of mind is only temporary, and that according to the laws of human nature it will later on be replaced by optimism . . . . The instinct of life is little developed in youth. Just as the young woman gets more pain than pleasure

from the early part of her married life; just as the new-born baby cries, so the impressions from life, especially when they are keenly felt, bring more pain than pleasure during a long period . . . . The conception that there is an evolution of the instinct of life in the course of the development of a human being is the true foundation of optimistic philosophy. It is so important that it should be examined with the minutest care. Our senses are capable of great cultivation. Artists develop the sense of color far beyond the point attained by ordinary man, and distinguish shades that others do not notice. Hearing, taste and smell can also be educated. Wine tasters have an appreciation of wine much more acute than other men."

One of the most noted pessimists of modern times was Arthur Schopenhauer. In his old age his friends found in him a very marked optimism. At seventy he expressed a desire to live to be one hundred years old. His fear of disease and death was such that he left Berlin in the cholera epidemic in 1831 and went to live in Frankfort, a town unvisited by the scourge.

Perhaps the most notable instance we have of

the curative effects of time is in the old age of Goethe, who said when he was eighty-three years old, "I am delighted to find that even at my great age ideas come to me the pursuit and development of which would require a second life time." It was said of him at the end that he had no weariness of life, and in his last illness an aversion to death such as is rarely found in a youthful invalid. He confidently expected to get well and thought the coming summer would restore his strength. In his early years he was an extreme pessimist and cherished the idea of suicide, keeping a poisoned dagger at his bedside ready to plunge into his bosom. In his twenty-fourth year he wrote in his note-book, "I am not made for this world," and to a friend he wrote: "I know what it has cost me to resist the waves of death." Truly youth is a disease!

The English naturalist, W. H. Hudson, who died recently, was another example of this unreadiness in old age to surrender the life he loved. In March, 1920, when past eighty years of age, he wrote to a friend, "If I could count on another fifty years, or say a hundred, I should be happy." A commentator finds it singular that this man

who deemed himself one with the nature he worshipped should have had a "horror of death," yet it is said that "the thought of leaving all the fairness of the earth" filled him with crushing sadness.

Twelve years ago the most popular book in Europe was a work of fiction written by a Dane, "The Dangerous Age." It tells the story of a woman in her forties who had been married in her youth to a man who was, and continued to be, a paragon of connubial virtue. She lived, comfortably and happily enough, until she reached the dangerous age. At that period this woman is seized with unrest. She declares she is not happy; she leaves and later divorces her exemplary spouse. While always technically virtuous, she involves herself in a series of disasters, and when finally she desires to return to her former husband she learns he is engaged to be married to a young girl.

It has been said that his book presents a masterly delineation of the psychology of the period of change. It is frankly pessimistic in tone. We are sorry for Elsie Lindtner, and would have been glad of an opportunity to advise her, yet in

the course of the tale the author makes many significant admissions.

A desire for solitude after twenty-two years of married life is conceivably reasonable. Having this desire, Elsie retires to an island of great natural beauty. She has a house built here and the house has a glass roof to make it possible for her to look at the stars while lying in bed. She has with her a cook, a gardener, and Jeanne, her personal maid. The latter is a lovely creature with flaming red hair and amber eyes, and her beauty is a source of keen delight to Elsie. For a while we find her enjoying not only her opportunity for self-communion but also many details of her environment. She loves the woods and the flowery meadows. She sits on the shore and ardently enjoys feeling the smoothness of the pebbles as she lets them slip through ther fingers. In time she becomes restless again; she tires of the privilege of looking at the stars through a glass roof; she tires of the woods and flowers and pebbles of sensuous smoothness, and eventually she leaves her island for newer scenes. Her restlessness, her discontent, as well as the avidity of her esthetic enjoyments, are all well-known characteristics of

the period of life. The discontent is an inevitable result of misinterpretation of the whole adventure, a dismaying outlook upon a future which she has been taught to believe is inevitably a period of loss and decline. Conscious of the influx of new capacities, new resources, new opportunities, such a prospect is peculiarly bitter, peculiarly mortifying. Yet we know she has been relieved of a burden, a detriment. She has lost nothing which she could reasonably desire to retain. She has gained what all desire—enhanced life with prospects of further gain—a salvage of wealth from nature's inexhaustible store.

Recognition of the fact that youth is a condition of disease is not to belittle the value of youth. In this still imperfect world a pathological condition may serve some useful purpose. In one of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters he declared that an interval of good health had been actually detrimental to his artistic work. Carlyle, De Quincey, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Nietzsche and many others have found ill health a real stimulus to literary production. The youth malady has been undoubtedly vastly instrumental to production of various kinds. Nevertheless, we

should not fail to recognize that youth is an affliction, an illness; that to have passed the youthful period is a happy chance.

E. S. Martin says, "Being fifty years old is to have made a fairly complete recovery from the ailment of youth, and that is no small achievement. . . . A large proportion of struggling people succumb to youth and its mischances and hardships. . . . The rapids of the river of life, the rockiest places, the swiftest descents are apt to be up stream."

Having left youth behind, if we have brought with us youth's hopes and dreams, we find ourselves better adapted to practical accomplishment than ever before. Great achievement is exceedingly rare in early years. Even in art the masterpiece is seldom produced before thirty-five. Rarely is a great executive in industrial or political affairs chosen until after forty, usually long after. The decade following forty is more fruitful than any which has preceded it. Few achieve fame until after the half century, while only a minority of the actual leaders in church, state, the professions and business are less than fifty years old.

It is true that these men have laid the foundations for great achievement in youth. Probably no great work would have come forth without the irritability, the goad, the affront, the provocation suffered in early years. The youth hampered by his disability must usually bide his time. Achievement commensurate with his dream may come with recovery from his distemper.

THE will to do anything can and does at a certain pitch of its necessity create and organize new tissue to do it with. BERNARD SHAW

Chapter XIII

THE influence of a new poetry and romance are spreading rapidly. The new supersedes the old, yet it embraces it and eliminates only the sediment, the superfluous. This shows itself in the finest sort of married life which we see all about us. After the first troublous years marriage tends to relieve itself of its early puerilities in favor of a rising tide of capabilities and powers.

Unfortunately, there is yet much misunderstanding. This is shown in the prevalence of divorce. A lower order fails to comprehend the new function. In the loss of the old it fancies itself bereaved. The married pair, knowing themselves to be far from incompetent, feel that they are defrauded by the cooling off of the pristine ardour and cast blame upon each other, or upon themselves, for this failure to retain what could not have failed to become detrimental sooner or later.

Fortunately, there is a growing number of married people who welcome the changed order, who, suspecting new potentialities, grope for them hopefully and use them with some small degree of success. Meanwhile, they retain for each other regard, affection, and in some instances a very precious devotion, a revival of the old ardours in a new form—the alchemist's transmutation of gross metal into gold.

Swedenborg had much to say about the spiritual adventages of marriage. While he believed the highest type of soul stood alone unmated, he found a very large majority in his time who needed the give and take of family life.

Just as the new poetry will continue to concern itself with the highest type of love and marriage, the new romance will not cease to deal with all the delightful potentialities of human contact.

The "best seller" of the moment was published as recently as January, 1923. "Black Oxen" sprang into instant popularity, vastly outdistancing its nearest competitors. The book is "furiously discussed"—so we are told—in London, Paris and New York. Its clever author, Gertrude Atherton, has been producing novels

with more or less success for over thirty years, yet the unprecedented acclaim given her new production must have astonished both herself and her friends.

Her heroine, Mary Zattiany, is fifty-eight years old; the widow of an Austrian nobleman. She is visiting her girlhood home in New York. She has had a long and notable career as a beauty and a social light, and later on as an organizer of war relief work on the continent of Europe. Peace found her saddened and careworn, aging physically and suffering from mental lassitude. She is induced to go to a hospital and submit to a treatment for rejuvenation. This treatment, we are informed, is "identical with that for sterilization" and is now being taken by "many of the intellectual women of Europe." The result for Mary Zattiany has been satisfactory beyond her hopes. She is young and beautiful again; she has lost her "distaste for new ideas, for reorientation"; she discovers in herself renewed agility in mind and body.

The plausible thing happens; she has a flock of youthful admirers, and after a period of ardent courtship she is inclined to accept the proposal of

a young dramatic critic twenty-four years her junior. She engages herself to marry him and for a few weeks they are happy. The situation is necessarily new in fiction, since the new treatments for rejuvenation were not used until after the beginning of the war. We are told that men and women are now swarming to Vienna and other capitals on both sides of the Atlantic to get the cure from competent hands. It is too soon to know how long the effect will last. Its most competent exponents do not claim for it an efficacy of more than ten years. It is at best an exceedingly artificial means to effect an end, which, though desirable in itself, would seem to call for a method rather more esoteric and exalté. Yet an artifice is not necessarily to be despised. In its skyward flight a bird may take refuge for a time upon the tower roof while regaling itself for its long composed and unsupported passage onward.

However, let us return to the lovely Zattiany, who is described as looking anywhere from twenty-eight in her opera dress and diamonds to fourteen in her camp clothes and shade hat. She begins to have misgivings about her projected marriage. Certain aspects of the situation are

brought to her notice rather sharply; the acquired acumen of fifty-eight years comes to the surface and saved her from the debacle. Her young and charming lover is made to see the light. She marries instead an old friend, a contemporary, a man who plays an important part in international affairs. This man swears he does not love her, and he also promises to reiteration that he will never love her at any future time under any consideration whatever. She sees more romance in the prospect of service and power-self development than in any of the florid puerilities of the old régime.

These are her parting words to the young dramatic critic, who, be it said, was altogether blameless in the affair—a quite exemplary lover:

"I could contemplate going back to certain death at the hands of an assassin or in another revolution; to stand on the edge of the abyss, the last human being alive in Europe, and look down upon her expiring throes before I went over the brink myself. But I have not the courage to marry you."

After a period of phenomenal change, it may be said that the primal need for man today is not

more power, but a sense of direction. A century ago matter was but an indifferent servant of mankind, its greatness of bulk looming in the imagination with sinister intent. Man used matter tentatively—in small sections. A mountain was an irrefutable fact; he could neither tunnel under it nor fly over it. Electricity was an enemy mightily vindictive; the pestilence was a visitation of God in a vengeful mood. We have changed all that, and the change is marking its effect on the consciousness of man.

This effect is not coincident with the cause, but more gradual. As we count time, it is very slow. The effect of vast material change on the consciousness of man is yet to be recorded, because it is yet in the process of evolution. The hardiest optimist will admit, at the moment, that great material gains have not brought us unmixed benefits, yet it is a notable truth that myriads of men of negligible accomplishments have dreams of power today that would have been foreign to the imagination of their forefathers.

The solidarity of the human race is easily demonstrated. Because man has accomplished great things, therefore each unit is involved not only in

the result but in the innate capacity to accomplish. Each man is slow to admit a personal inferiority. If this plight is overwhelmingly apparent, he believes the difference is of degree rather than kind; that, given a little more knowledge, a little wider range of opportunity, a little more time to acquire the ability to manipulate the ever present vital surge, he, too, could accomplish great things. Our oneness with the poor and needy is often brought to our attention. It is generally recognized that while grinding poverty, wretchedness, degeneracy and corruption exist the whole race is weighted down. Each one, whether he will or not, is involved in the suffering of others; therefore, more money is expended annually for the care of the sick and needy than for any form of amusement or innocuous self-indulgence. The corresponding truth, though more significant and far reaching, has not been so generally reckoned with. We also partake of the ease of the opulent, the cunning of the strategist, the prowess of the brave, the ingenuity of the inventor, the fervour of the orator, the dream of the poet, the ecstasy of the saint, the large vision of the creator of new values.

The material advance in the past century was created in the minds of comparatively few individuals. These have thrust the results of their parturition and bringing forth upon the human race. Most inventions cannot be said to have met a popular demand. Instead they have created a popular demand. Material advance has taken the people unawares, finding them not ungrateful, yet unprepared to adjust themselves rapidly to new conditions. The mind of the populace moves slowly. A new generation shortly appears, a generation which accepts these new conditions perhaps with avidity, perhaps with carelessness. Either way the new generation lacks the spiritual experience of the older generation, which slowly, perhaps painfully, adjusted itself to innovations, and which after such adjustments could participate in the changed conditions with appreciation and a subtlety of understanding essential to a degree of spiritual growth. As it is a new generation, while accepting improved conditions, fails to execute a step in advance of the preceding generation. On the contrary each new generation is inevitably, ruthlessly, a stepping back in order to facilitate an advance, which is rarely accom-

plished. More often it is a stepping back merely to mark time, and history frequently points to generations which have failed to mark time, even to generations which have achieved a retrograde movement of such proportions that the race has been plunged into an abysmal *cul de sac,* there to wallow for centuries.

There were undoubtedly civilizations in prehistoric times, civilizations which flourished and decayed, leaving little trace outside of the tendency in the human consciousness to dream of a former high estate, a lost Paradise, a golden age, a very early period when men were as gods upon the earth.

The evolving spirit is widely receptive and carries with it a confused memory. The receding image may be blurred by later imprints; it suffers the lack of continuity, but it is not wholly effaced. The consciousness which has come to resume life in the world, the individual consciousness of a child is not like blank paper—it is stamped with memories of success and failure, triumph and humiliation, hope and despair. The triumph of erect physical stature and all that is involved in holding the head aloof from the ground; the

humiliating tendency to fall again to the earth and die like the beasts. The story of the human race is a story of continuous rise and fall. Always the image of the beast comes to blur the image of God, and so always within the consciousness is a warring tendency. The brief Age of Pericles brought an aftermath of decline. The rise and fall of the Roman Empire speaks eloquently of the unworthiness or inability of new and untried generations to follow in the footsteps of the old.

A generation which wins its privileges can best enjoy them. Though all men have inherent potential power, a single generation which has not fought and won for itself cannot have the same fitness to exercise power possessed by the generations that brought it forth. Though each generation finds itself confronted with an accumulation of victories won by its progenitors, it lacks time to appropriate those victories. Hence it is a common saying that man is no happier today than he was before he had so many privileges to enjoy.

We know the popular legend of the beggar transferred from his garret to the palace of king and there sumptuously fed and clothed and treated with deference and honor. The imme-

diate effect upon his consciousness was not happy. The beggar is ill at ease in the king's palace; he is still a beggar at heart. If he is informed that he is indeed a king, that his period of indignity was due to a certain inadvertence, perhaps to perversity and reticence on his part, he will pass through a period of doubt. Gradually his inner consciousness will ascertain the truth of his kingship, and the man eventually may comport himself in a manner befitting his office. Too, probably, he will not have sufficient time to grasp the essentials. Prison mould still clings to him, the old fetters still bind. Death finds him not yet ready to free himself from the old bonds and the scepter is passed to his son. This scion nimbly grasps the symbol of power, dexterously mounts the throne of judgment, comports himself with careless ease and polished grace, and yet is counted a fool. The kingship is dead. The father lacked sufficient time to assume his empire; the son lacked the culture of the garret, the spiritual purge of a rise from obscurity and the time to accumulate illuminating experiences of his own. Both father and son lacked the initiative of the creator of the kingship who long since had passed into the

shadow. Each lacked time to establish his ideal.

The great need for all of us is an extension of time, a longer term of office, a more protracted period of usefulness. From the earliest push, the merest twinkling of animate life in the primeval slime of an evolving planet, up through the varied periods of vegetable and brute life, past unrecorded cycles of human rise and fall, to the present day, that motive impulse which we call instinct, intuition, intelligence has been evolved for the end of extending and sustaining life. It has been used for diverse and secondary ends; the primeval purpose, though continually active, has been hindered and curtailed. Its effect is far short of what it might and should be. Life could be sustained with better effect and could be continued indefinitely. In the light of modern science it would be difficult to find one who would have the temerity to deny this.

The victory over death is a necessary, natural consequence of enlightened intelligence and spiritual growth. Having passed through the kindergarten of spiritual understanding, man may take what he sees fit. When death is not only abhor-

rent, but intolerable, death will cease to be. When the decrepitude and decay of old age is more than merely distasteful to us, decrepitude and decay will pass.

We are dainty and careful about our outer garments. Few of us would be willing to put on clothing in any stage of shabbiness. When a damaged and broken-down wearer of garments is also unbearable to us, one will be as rare as the other. Palpably aging and dilapidated throat muscles, for example, will be as unusual as a frayed and crumpled collar beneath. In such degree as we are more intimate with our throats than with our collars, the decrepitude of the one should be more reprehensible to us than that of the other.

NATURE always proceeds by jumps. She may spend twenty thousand years making up her mind to jump, but when she makes it up at last the jump is big enough to take us into a new age.

BERNARD SHAW.

Chapter XIV

THE public attention recently has been aroused by the offer of Edward W. Bok of a prize of $100,000 for the American who can suggest a practical plan under which the United States may cooperate in bringing about the peace of the world. Mr. Bok has expressed a belief that people scattered here and there have given the matter some attention and may have valuable ideas to set forth. The interest in his project was immediate and grows prodigiously; it acts like a University Extension Course in international thinking. Already hundreds of thousands seize the papers every day to see what new idea the contestants have put forth, while literally millions who have been thinking loosely and aimlessly along these lines will soon be making a wholesome effort to gather in their vagrant thoughts and to consider larger relationship and social aims.

Since every politician of any eminence has volubly expressed an opinion to little purpose, it is quite possible that the solution of the difficulty may be hidden among *hoi polloi,* the non-vote-seeking majority. The old adage has it that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The object of the prize offer obviously is not to hold out a plan which already has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The dismal failure of the old efforts is so conspicuous that only a radical change of front is likely to discover an avenue of hope.

Within forty-eight hours of the announcement of the offer a multitude of suggestions were submitted, all of which as reported were modifications of old and tried plans which, when put to the test, had generally failed.

If the award succeeds in focusing the attention upon a solution as far as possible removed from the repudiated Lloyd Georgian form of Peace Conference, the relief would be gratifying in the extreme. A changed prospect, a new outlet for the emotions, a vital belief in new conditions, these things would be received with voracious acclaim.

A public once aroused to the feasibility of the perpetuation of individual life would rise up against war with a far closer approach to singleness of purpose than it has ever yet shown in favor of the military ideal. A government which comprehended the importance of the conservation of human life, which has not in prospect an almost unlimited source of supply in generations rising and yet to rise—such a government would not only oppose war, but would exercise the utmost care not to permit an agressive policy in relation to other governments.

An appointed committee of fifty women, representing the civilized world, meeting in conclave, each with the avowed object of returning to her own people to proclaim the gospel of perpetual life in its relation to peace and harmony—such a conclave with such a mission is capable of instigating that prodigious jump set forth in Shavian terms at the head of the chapter. Each member would find in her own language scientific and philosophical writings bearing on the subject upholding the truth. She would draw the public attention to these writings. She would also glean from them certain affirmations and aphorisms

which, combined with certain selected translations and a declaration of her own convictions, could be issued in pamphlet form and widely distributed. The radio and cinema could be requisitioned, broadcasting the message which, once called to the attention, would be rapidly understood and appropriated.

The time is ripe; the people press forward to salvation. In their overwhelming eagerness they are credulous to the point of folly. They grasp at straws, yet they would more readily seize a helping hand. The thirsty man with the parched throat and the swollen tongue flounders miserably and threatens to drown in his pool of drinking water. A word of advice and a helping hand from one with his feet firmly fixed on the shore, and the man is saved. If the leader flounders also, the affair is hopeless.

As one example among many showing the attitude of the public, one may cite the attention roused by the millennialists of the International Bible Readers' Association. In the Hippodrome in New York the president of the association, Joseph F. Rutherford, has more than once delivered a lecture which he called "Millions Now

Living Shall Never Die." The newspapers reported that the place of the meeting was packed, while a multitude in the street surged about the doors eager to gain admittance. An extra force of police was employed to keep the crowd back. All seats, as well as all available standing room, were ocupied until seven thousand persons, the majority of them men, filled the auditorium. Thousands were turned away. The lecture had been very little advertised. Owing to certain revolutionary tenets in Judge Rutherford's teaching, few newspapers were willing to make the announcement even in their advertising columns; the friends of the movement had spread the news of the meeting principally by word of mouth. In this way the subject to be discussed got about and the people flocked madly to hear what was said on a matter that appealed to them with an overruling interest.

This speaker's bearing is one of assurance and dignity. He is not gifted with oratorical or other powers. When in London he spoke in the Royal Albert Hall, the greatest assembly hall in the world. It is said that it was filled to its utmost capacity and that more than fifteen thousand per-

sons were turned away. He has delivered the lecture in person many hundreds of times in different parts of the world, and has published it in a book, more than three million copies of which were sold in a year's time. His predecessor as president of the International Bible Readers' Association was Pastor Charles T. Russell, who died in 1916. More than five million copies of Pastor Russell's principal book have been sold. It was published in 1886, and dealt with the prophecies of the Bible, particularly those of Leviticus and Daniel. His studies led him to believe that the "time of the end" would begin in 1914. Many other students in different parts of the world, who knew nothing of Pastor Russell, had also predicted the beginning of the end, or a significant crisis becoming acute in 1914, but the prophecies of the International Bible Students' Association were probably more widespread than any others of their time.

This "time of the end" was to culminate in the greatest period of trouble the world ever had known, and the year 1925 was given special significance. The following is quoted from the printed version of Judge Rutherford's address:

"The Jewish people were a typical people. By and through the experience of that people an important date is fixed. The Jubilee system of the Jews, ordained by Jehovah, foreshadowed by the Millennial reign of Christ. Israel entered Palestine in 1575 B. C., was commanded to keep every fiftieth year thereafter as a Jubilee, and was commanded to keep these jubilees for seventy periods. 70 × 50 is 3,500. The period must end in 1925. The type ending, the ante-type must begin, and therefore 1925 is definitely fixed in the Scriptures. Every thinking person can see that a great climax is at hand. The Scriptures clearly indicate that the climax is the fall of Satan's empire and the full establishment of the Messianic kingdom. This climax being reached in 1925, and that marking the beginning of the fulfilment of the long promised blessings of life to the people, millions now living on earth will be living then, and those who obey the righteous laws of the new arrangement will live forever. Therefore, it can be confidently said at this time that millions now living will never die."

Thus in 1925 Christ's Kingdom would be estab-

lished. In predicting such a radical change in the almost immediate future, Judge Rutherford puts a severe strain upon the credulity of his hearers and readers. Only a minority follow the whole of his teaching, which is fantastic in detail and not altogether evocative of harmony and righteousness. Many listen with some impatience to much that fails to interest them, in order to get information upon a subject in which they feel an intimate concern. Having already a vague nebulosity of belief in the possibility of the perpetuation of life, they vainly hope for enlightenment, for clarification. Many in their own persons have acquired certain vital elements of the promised salvation which the speaker as yet sees only with a prophetic eye.

Teachers presenting some of the same arguments as Judge Rutherford have sprung up in many of the sects and have been immediately acclaimed, only to be disciplined and suppressed by their superiors in office. The doctrine has been accompanied by extreme forms of pessimism about the present and the immediate future. Revolutionary tenets have been put forth and even incitements to riot. Bible prophecies to

support this are widely used as from Matthew 24:21, 22:

> "For then shall be great tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.
>
> "And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved. But for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

The events which already have taken place and are transpiring at this moment are held to be fulfilling these dire forebodings. But it is believed that the worst is yet to come. It is said "most of Europe will be destroyed" by wars, earthquakes, or tidal waves. Threats of war, reports of volcanic eruptions, the calamities in Chili, earthquakes in Persia and Sicily, and like occurrences in other parts have been seized upon gleefully by these prophets of evil. The political situation in Europe, bad as it is, has been exaggerated; wars have been confidently predicted, which have been, in fact, averted. It is sufficiently evident that Europe lives over a "boiling volcano," metaphorically speaking. The worst that these quasi-

prophets predict may indeed occur. When a patient is very ill it may be said that the worst is likely to happen. He may and frequently does die. On the other hand, he sometimes disappoints his physicians and friends, who fail to understand the force of the beneficent influences which continually are at work. The New York Times recently enumerated (March, 1923) the wars and other calamities which had been considered almost inevitable this past winter, but which had failed to materialize.

It is useless to belittle the situation, which is, in fact, more threatening than at any time in the history of man. It is useful, on the other hand, to look for a way of escape. The great mass of the people is moved by the "will to live." This fundamental move is continually active. There is a way of salvation. A desperate need engenders powerful counteraction, and "necessity is the mother of invention." Remedies are at hand, but are useless if neglected and fallible if misapplied.

A new and absorbing interest spreading through the mass of the people and adding a new value to human life could not fail to have a favorable effect upon the political situation,

which would shortly adjust itself along rational lines.

We may be told that the aim of self-development and culture is narrow and egotistical. This is far from being a fair statement of the truth. A pebble dropped in midocean stirs the elements and carries its thrill to the antipodes. So the humblest soul may say with the greatest Leader of them all:

> "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Simple materialism may arise above the masses by trampling the weaker members under their feet. A higher idealism cannot fail to elevate the lower order much or little, as its own altitude is great or small. Men are always more or less susceptible to the influence of greatness, and at this period the general susceptibility is increased. Men are sensitive to changing conditions and are fumblingly putting forth tentacles to discover new prophets, new leaders. If they are continually disappointed they will fall back into Nihilism.

It is related in the Scriptures that in the time of Abraham the great city of Sodom, with Gomorrah and outlying districts, were destroyed as a punishment for grievous sin. With great eloquence and fervour Abraham prayed God that the disaster might be averted. He said:

> "Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city, wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?
>
> "That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee. Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?"

When Abraham was told that the Lord would spare the city if fifty righteous were found in it, he grew somewhat doubtful that this considerable number could be assembled. Reconsidering several times, he became ever increasingly pessimistic. He said, finally:

"Peradventure ten shall be found there?"

He was assured that the place would be spared

for ten's sake. Yet the ten were not found and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah became a symbol and a household word to this day.

Most disasters become known as very obvious facts. Remedial forces, though more powerful, generally are less conspicuous and therefore may be neglected. Though nearly every person living who has not faced almost overwhelming calamity has been made to suffer minor troubles or inconveniences by the war and its aftermath, there are multitudes who continue to live and enjoy increasingly the blessings of life, hope and happiness. Many already have become conscious of potential powers hitherto undreamed of, because these have become obscure or in hiding under the cloak of materialism or inertia.

Life is a boon precious beyond all else. To gainsay the value of life is to give the lie to our very existence, since the ability to get out of it is not beyond the capacity of a child of seven. We cling to life because we love it. To deny this is monstrous folly. If it is difficult to go out in time of stress, it is because life loves us, too, and is ever coddling us either with joy or with hopes of joy to come.

In the Bhagavad-Gita we read what life in its fullest attainment, its apotheosis, says to us:

"Nay! but once more
Take My last word, My utmost meaning have!
Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved!
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this:
Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling
In faith and love and reverence to Me!
So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,
For thou art sweet to Me!"